

The Outlook

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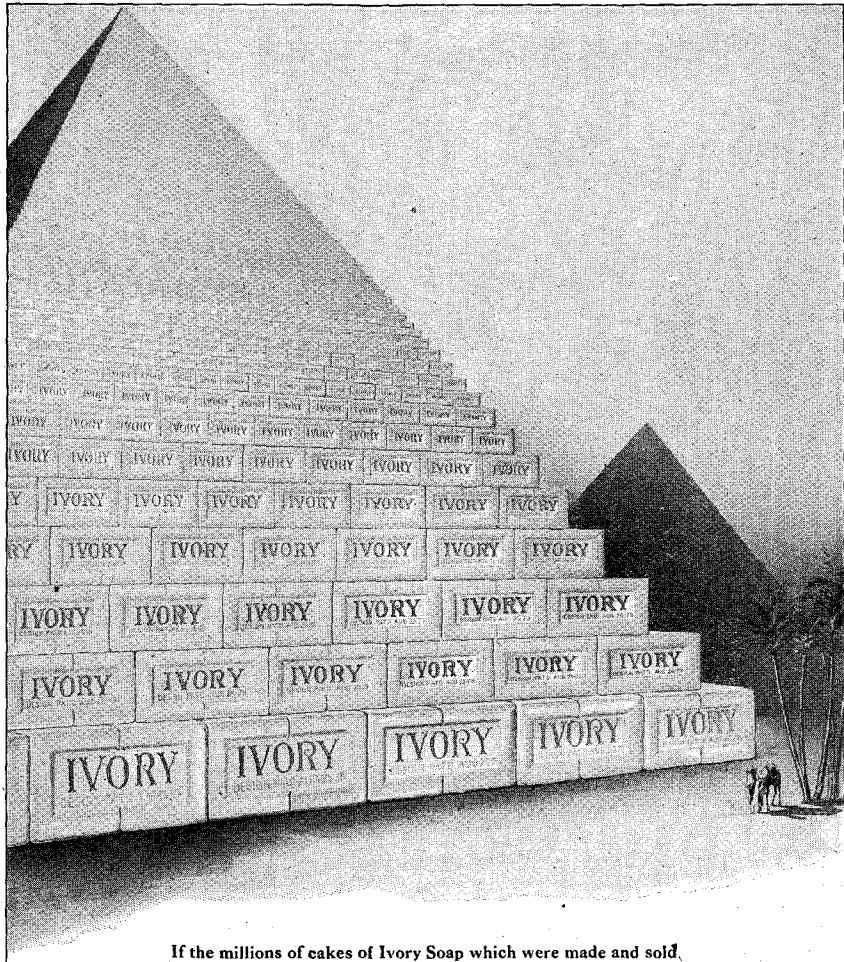
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If the millions of cakes of Ivory Soap which were made and sold last year, could be placed, one on top of another, as shown in the illustration, they would make a pyramid not unworthy of comparison with the greatest of the far-famed Pyramids of Egypt.

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1907



Public Lands and Private Monopoly

The President's special Message urging legislation for the preservation of mineral (including coal and oil), lumber, and grazing lands still belonging to the Government emphasizes the value of a plan for the distribution of public documents which The Outlook has often urged. If this Message could be obtained at any post-office by the payment of an insignificant sum, say five cents, for the cost of paper, presswork, and mailing, it would be read by thousands of American citizens who will now be dependent for their knowledge of it upon fragmentary reports in the daily papers, and it is reasonable to expect that those daily papers which are under capitalistic influence will give very fragmentary reports of this Message, or none at all. The President urges that the Government should retain ownership of all coal lands, with a system of leasing for the purposes of mine operation. There is nothing novel in this suggestion. "In all the great coal-producing European countries except Great Britain, coal is mined under government leases." There are special reasons why fuel resources should be kept under government control, but the principle involved applies to other land values.

Mineral fuels, like the forests and navigable streams, should be treated as public utilities. This is generally recognized abroad. In some foreign countries practical control of a large portion of the fuel resources was allowed years ago to pass into private hands, but the existing governments are endeavoring to regain this control in order that the diminishing fuel supply may be safeguarded for the common good instead of being disposed of for the benefit of the few—though the mistake of the preceding generation in disposing of these fuels for a nominal return cannot always be corrected by the present generation, as the cost may be so enormous as to be prohibitory.

The President states very fairly the objections to the policy which he proposes

and effectively replies to them, and he summarizes the advantages of the policy in a compact paragraph. These include the preservation of fuels especially suitable for special industries, facilitating coal-mining for local markets by miners without large capital, prevention of monopolistic control, and protection of the people against unreasonable and discriminating charges for fuel supplies. These arguments apply equally to lumber and grazing lands. Perhaps, however, the strongest argument for his policy is that furnished by the fact that out of 2,300 cases of public land entries in four specified districts, in over half of them no compliance with the law was found, and in many cases deliberate fraud. The policy of giving away public land in small sections to bona-fide settlers for agricultural purposes has proved profitable to the Nation, but if the people could get an opportunity to vote on the question whether they would give away mineral lands, forest lands, and grazing lands to great corporations to be operated for private profit, the vote in favor of that policy would be so small that it would count as "scattering."



The Japanese Question

The conferences held last week between the President and representatives of Californian sentiment, and also doubtless between the Administration and leaders of Congress, resulted in what the press despatches called "a complete solution of the Japanese problem." The thing most desired by those Californians who have been disturbed on the subject is the prevention of the immigration into this country of Japanese coolies. Apparently these Californians are willing, if this end can be brought about, to deal with the school question in such a way that,

while proper and desirable limitations may be placed on the control of the schools, these limitations shall not be based on purely racial ground nor be of a kind to give offense to Japanese national pride. The method determined upon to keep out Japanese coolie labor is not by means of treaty, but by legislation. The general immigration bill which has been long held back in conference in Congress has been pressed forward, with an amendment which authorizes the President to reject the passports issued by any foreign nation to its citizens to go to the insular possessions of the United States, or to the Panama Canal Zone, when, in the judgment of the President, such passports are being used by the holders to gain entrance to the United States proper to the detriment of labor conditions. The Senate on Saturday passed the bill as amended. It will be noted that this provision does not refer by name to the Japanese or to any other nation, and thus there is no discrimination which could be offensive to Japan. It is understood, also, that the Japanese Government is itself opposed to the emigration of its subjects to the United States, and has refused, and desires to continue to refuse, passports to its lower class of laborers to come to this continent, although it easily grants passports to Hawaii and to the Philippines. It is believed that under the amendment the President can entirely stop the practice now in effect under which Japanese laborers obtain passports to Hawaii, and, having thus gained access to American territory, come unchallenged to what may be called the continental territory of the United States. The question at once arises whether sufficient consideration has been given to the fact that Hawaii differs from the Philippines in that it is not merely an insular possession, but a Territory of the United States. This distinction has been positively laid down by the Supreme Court, and on the face of it there seems to be no difference between the passing of an alien subject from Hawaii to California, and the passing of an alien subject from the Indian Territory to Kansas. It would, of course,

be unconstitutional for the United States to prevent the passing of any of its own subjects from one part of American territory to another; but the decision of the United States Supreme Court that Congress has a right to exclude or expel absolutely all aliens or any class of aliens from the United States would seem necessarily to include a right to exclude them from any one part of the United States although admitting them to another part.

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*The Congo and
the Senate*

On Friday of last week the Senate passed, in a modified form, the resolution concerning the Congo State introduced by Senator Lodge. The resolution in its final form is as follows:

Whereas, It is alleged that the native inhabitants of the basin of the Congo have been subjected to inhuman treatment of a character that should claim the attention and excite the compassion of the people of the United States; *therefore*, be it

Resolved, That the President is respectfully advised that, in case he shall find such allegations are established by proof, he will receive the cordial support of the Senate in any steps, not inconsistent with treaty or other international obligations or with the traditional American foreign policy which forbids participation by the United States in the settlement of political questions which are entirely European in their scope, he may deem it wise to take in co-operation with or in aid of any of the powers signatory of the Treaty of Berlin for the amelioration of the condition of such inhabitants.

Extreme caution is an obvious characteristic of this resolution. The inhuman treatment, which the Senate is not willing to accept as an established fact, qualifying it by the phrase "it is alleged," has been thoroughly proven by a commission appointed by the King-Sovereign of the Congo himself. There is no need for further investigation. Though the worst has not been officially revealed, what has been officially revealed is sufficiently atrocious to warrant vigorous interference on the part of responsible Powers. Nevertheless, discreet understatement in a matter of this kind is much more weighty than violence of language, however closely corresponding to the facts. We hope that this resolution, pledging the Senate to the support of the President in any action not incon-

sistent with international obligations or with the policy of avoiding purely European disputes, will lead England and the other nations which created the Independent State of the Congo to take vigorous action. We hope that these Powers will not permit the remedy to leave their hands by letting the Congo State pass into the control of Belgium—at least not without definite action on their part. There appears to be no reason why the United States should not invite the Powers to a conference, exactly as President Roosevelt invited Japan and Russia to a conference in which the United States was not a participant. Whatever action is taken ought to be taken at once.



*Shall the Tariff
be Revised?*

Last week Massachusetts spoke with no uncertain sound on the tariff. A petition was forwarded to President Roosevelt bearing the signatures of Governor Guild and of 222 out of the 280 members of the Legislature. The petition urges the immediate revision of the tariff. It indorses the principle recently approved by the Foreign Commerce Convention in Washington to create maximum and minimum tariff schedules to be applied without the intervention of treaties but otherwise following the general precedent of the reciprocity clause in the McKinley tariff in favor of such countries as will make concessions to us. It favors the establishment, as urged by that Convention, of a tariff commission, which shall impartially investigate and from time to time report to Congress when schedules appear to need modification. Should the limitation of time make immediate action impossible at this session of Congress, the President is begged to use the powers placed in his hands for the consideration of this subject *without further delay*. That would mean a summons to Congress to treat the subject in special session, and this course, we have good reason to believe, would be favored by the Massachusetts Senators and all but possibly one or two of that State's Representatives. The Massachusetts petition declares that "in all cases of tariff revision the test should be, not, 'Is such

a duty demanded?' but, 'Is such a duty needed?'" Duties will always be demanded so long as powerful manufacturers can control Congress. But Massachusetts manufacturers at least have discovered that they have been over-protected. They are increasingly restive under the prohibition of free raw materials, especially of free coal from neighboring Canada. It is highly significant that the ultimate source of the Massachusetts petition was the manufacturers, not the consumers.



*"Not Cheapness
but Equal Rights:"
Criticised*

A correspondent, replying to a paragraph in *The Outlook* of the 26th of January, takes exception to our denial of the statement in the *New York Sun*, "On all sides there is an insistent clamor for lower rates for all classes of transportation," and of the analogous though somewhat exaggerated statement by Mr. W. W. Finley, the new President of the Southern Railway, that there is at present a "proposition almost universally made to decrease rates by legislative action." In reply to these statements *The Outlook* affirmed that the demand of the American people is not for "goods carried at lower cost," but "that goods shall be carried on terms equally open to all." In support of the propositions of the *Sun* and Mr. Finley, our correspondent affirms that "there are pending in Congress several propositions to reduce railway earnings by direct legislative action." One of these is the proposition to make a general reduction in railway mail pay; another, a series of bills the general purpose of which is to reduce inter-State passenger rates to a maximum of two cents a mile, which would necessitate the abolition of reduced rates for commutation tickets, excursion tickets, etc., and "the discontinuance of special rates to clergymen, of special charity rates, and of low rates to conventions and gatherings of all kinds." He also puts emphasis on measures pending in State Legislatures to reduce rates. These last are, so far as we have observed, generally bills to fix passenger rates at two cents a mile. This latter movement, we may

add, has attained such proportions that the Washington correspondent of the New York Times affirms that certain of the railways are applying to the President to exert his influence against such legislation.



*"Not Cheapness
but Equal Rights:"
Reaffirmed*

We do not see in the facts which our correspondent states any reason to modify materially the paragraph which he criticises. The proposition to make a general reduction in railway mail pay is not new. For at least ten years experts have been demanding that the Government shall not pay the railways for carrying the mails any more than the express companies pay the railways for carrying similar matter on trains traveling at a similar rate of speed. The bills before Congress and before the State Legislatures to reduce passenger rates to two cents a mile are only indirectly connected with the Federal legislation to regulate charges for freight transportation. Nor is there any indication that in the bills before the Interstate Commerce Committee of the House such a reduction is the result of any "insistent clamor" or that they interpret "a proposition almost universally made." Legislation reducing passenger rates to two cents a mile even in the well-settled portions of the country ought not to be passed by either Congress or State Legislatures without careful inquiry into the cost of transporting passengers and careful consideration of what is a reasonable profit to pay the railway company. It does not appear to us, however, that railway companies ought to be allowed to charge more than the cost and a reasonable profit on the general passenger traffic in order to enable them to give special rates to commuters, suburban residents, travelers to conferences, and clergymen. If it is a fact that the railway companies, or any of them, are seeking the influence of the President against State action reducing passenger rates, the fact furnishes a very significant support to the principle laid down by the President at least two years ago, that railway rates should be regulated by Federal, not by State, action. This

principle, which he invoked on behalf of the traveling public, is equally necessary for the protection of the railway corporations. If all railways engaged in interstate commerce were to be chartered by the Federal Government, as the National banks are, this fact would bring them under both Federal protection and Federal regulation. Whether the State could regulate freight and passenger rates on such a railway within the State lines we are not prepared to affirm; but it is safe to say that if adequate regulation was furnished by the Federal Government there would be very little attempt to interfere with such regulation by State action. The Outlook still persists in its opinion that the "insistent clamor" and the "proposition almost universally made" by the public is "not cheapness but equal rights."



*Overcapitalization
and the
Great Northern Railway*

The large number of letters which have been received by The Outlook commenting upon the article on Railway Overcapitalization by Mr. William L. Snyder in the issue of the 9th of February indicates that the subject is one of very wide interest. Many of our correspondents fly to the defense of the Great Northern Railway Company, under the mistaken impression that the author of the article was attacking that corporation. It seems to us that an intelligent reading of the article gives no ground for this impression. A New York banker sends a table indicating that the increase of stock from \$25,000,000 to \$150,000,000 has been largely in return for cash payment on the part of subscribers to this stock. This correspondent says: "In all cases I think you will find that the money received was spent either to increase the facilities of the road or to apply toward new trackage." Mr. Snyder in his article did not conceal or deny the fact that this increase in capital stock was properly and legally subscribed for by the public. He simply asserted his opinion that an inadequate proportion of both capital and revenue had been spent upon increasing traffic facilities, and too large a proportion has been divided among

the stockholders in the form of dividends. In other words, Mr. Snyder's contention is that the taxing power of the railways, as illustrated in the case of the Great Northern Railway Company, has taken from the shippers and travelers more than it ought to have taken for the benefit of the stockholders. This seems to us to be a debatable matter of opinion, which is to be supported or controverted by facts and figures and a judgment of experts, and not by general statements. The fundamental question is whether this taxing power may be or is now limited by the Government. The Outlook expressly disavows any desire to make an attack on the Great Northern Railway. It considers that road, from the point of view of engineering, financial management, and facilities afforded the public, one of the very best railway systems of the country. Mr. James J. Hill is an acknowledged genius of high abilities and ideals in the field of railway construction and management. It is for this very reason that his road and his views of railway management form significant and pertinent object-lessons in the discussion of railway regulation. The Outlook has in the past devoted a large amount of space and attention to the discussion of the relation of the public—that is to say, the Government—to the regulation of railway rates, operation, dividends, and capital. It will continue to do so in future, with as keen a desire to protect the interests of the investor as it has to promote those of the shipper and traveler. So far as the Great Northern Railway Company is concerned, we leave that phase of the subject here, with a quotation from the letter of a Chicago reader:

The Great Northern Railway was incorporated in 1889 with a capital of \$20,000,000 to take over the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba Railway and several other minor lines. Its first annual statement, in June, 1890, and its last annual statement, in June, 1906, show as follows:

	Capital Stock.	Net earnings.	Mileage.	Engines.	Cars.
1890	\$20,000,000	\$2,274,000	3,000	259	8,299
1906	150,000,000	19,464,000	6,358	786	35,054

From these figures it would appear that the Great Northern Railway has spent some money in increasing its trackage more than double, its engines three times, and its freight cars more than four times in the past sixteen years. It extended its line across the conti-

nent through country that is enormously expensive for construction, and built the two huge trans-Pacific steamers at a cost of two millions apiece. Mr. Hill was the first man to point out that the railways of the country were not keeping pace with the growth of the country in trackage; that additional equipment would not greatly aid in solving the present congestion, as there were not tracks enough on which to move the business offered. Mr. Hill desires to issue \$60,000,000 more stock, not for the purpose of concealing the earnings of the Great Northern Railway, but to build more tracks and equipment.

No one has denied, certainly neither Mr. Snyder nor The Outlook, that the best-managed railways in this country have increased their equipment in the last twenty years. The whole question is one concerning the just proportion of increased equipment to increased dividends. Our correspondent's own figures show that in the case of the Great Northern Railway the capital stock has increased fivefold and the net earnings eightfold, while the mileage has only been doubled, the engines increased only threefold, and the cars only fourfold. This discrepancy between the increase of capital and net earnings and the increase of equipment must be apparent to the most casual observer. Are such discrepancies just and proper, or should they be regulated by some statutory or charter provision, as in the notable case of the Boston and Albany Railroad?



Ex-Governor Higgins Frank W. Higgins, who died last week, was the successor of Benjamin B. Odell, Jr., and the predecessor of Charles E. Hughes as Governor of the State of New York. It was not his least service that he made possible the transition from the one to the other. When he came into office he was known as an unostentatious and scrupulously honest man. He had demonstrated his ability as a business man, and his faithfulness as a public servant in the Legislature. His predecessor, Mr. Odell, had not only bequeathed to him a State government accustomed to boss dictation, but, even after ceasing to be Governor, assumed to be the real power in the administration. Governor Higgins made no parade of his own virtue, but he quietly and effectually eliminated Mr. Odell and his machine.

from the administration, and, with the co-operation of others, eventually from the Republican State organization. During Mr. Higgins's term of office the insurance scandals arose. At first Governor Higgins, conservative by nature, did not favor an investigation. He feared that if it were begun people would expect it to be a prosecution, and, finding it in fact an investigation and not a prosecution, would fail to give it the support it required. There was at the time very good reason for such caution. When, however, he saw that public opinion was set, not upon a prosecution, but upon an investigation, he recommended to the Legislature the appointment of a joint investigating committee. The laws which were framed as the result of the investigation were passed during his administration and were approved by him. It was to no small degree because of his influence, moreover, that the Legislature during his term of office succeeded in producing a body of statutes which were of extraordinary importance and merit. During the latter part of his term Governor Higgins was a very sick man; he was suffering from the disease which within a few weeks after his retirement brought him to his death. At the same time he was made the target of acrid and unscrupulous criticism. He was called inconstant, timid, and inactive. Yet, except for his withdrawal from the candidacy for re-election on the ground of his health, he kept his physical condition to himself. With reticent heroism he kept at his task till the end. Contrary to his physician's orders, he even went to the inauguration of Governor Hughes, to welcome into office the man whose nomination he had taken part in securing. Mr. Higgins will not be remembered as a great statesman; he nevertheless rendered great service to his State. His career is worthy of record because it illustrates the fact that the citizen of high character who devotes his best energies to the public service, even if he has but moderate ability, can make himself invaluable. Democracy does not require men of genius, though it can use them; but the very existence of democracy depends upon men of integrity and public spirit.

*Niagara
A Mischievous Bill*

Eternal vigilance is evidently going to be the price of preserving the scenic glory of Niagara—if, indeed, commercialism does not finally triumph. On February 8 Colonel Alexander, of Buffalo, introduced in the House of Representatives a bill which reads as follows:

That the provisions of the Act approved June 29, 1906, entitled "An Act for the Control and Regulation of the Waters of Niagara River, for the Preservation of Niagara Falls, and for Other Purposes," shall not be held to prevent the diversion of water from Niagara River below the falls under a franchise granted by the State of New York to the Lower Niagara River Power and Water Supply Company, provided that this privilege shall only extend to the diversion of water from points a distance not less than one mile below the Falls; provided, further, that the total amount of such diversion shall at no time exceed 40,000 cubic feet per second.

The Burton Bill, which it is sought thus to amend, wisely included the Rapids in its preservative intention, and Section 4 requests the President to open negotiations with Great Britain "for the purpose of effectually providing by suitable treaty with said Government for such regulation and control of the waters of Niagara River and its tributaries as will preserve the scenic grandeur of Niagara Falls and of the rapids in said river." The statement of the counsel of the Lower Niagara River Power and Water Supply Company, made last April before the House Committee on Rivers and Harbors, showed its intention of proceeding under its charter to construct a tunnel under the city of Niagara Falls, beginning just under the steel-arched bridge (the main bridge from which the Falls are viewed), and proceeding about a mile and a half to the "Devil's Hole." The quantity of water which this new bill would authorize the withdrawal of is equivalent to almost twenty per cent. of the flow of the river at this point, and is completely equal to the total authorized diversion above. All the agitation which has stirred the country for a year and a half on this subject has been for the preservation of Niagara Falls as a whole. More than eighty per cent. of the mass of letters from influential persons now

on file in Secretary Taft's office urge the retention of all the glory of Niagara. This assault, therefore, on the Whirlpool Rapids—which are only less inspiring and majestic than the Falls themselves—is in direct defiance of the expressed will of the people, and if it should prevail the previous work would be largely nullified. The only safety is in keeping definitely all the ground that has been gained by the enactment of the Burton Bill, and in continuing the agitation until such international action is taken as shall settle it permanently that no industrial use shall be made of Niagara which will destroy or deface its beauty as one of the scenic wonders of this continent.



The House of Lords

The British Parliament was opened by the King and Queen in person with great state on Tuesday of last week, and the Speech from the Throne was listened to with profound attention, and promises to be one of the few royal speeches that become memorable. The King took occasion to acknowledge in a characteristically gracious and adequate way the sympathy for and the service rendered to the sufferers from the Jamaica earthquake by Americans, but the striking feature of the address was a definite though necessarily vague statement that the Government was considering the question of putting an end to the veto power of the House of Lords. The Liberals hold that they have the warrant of the people of England for the Education Bill and the Plural Voting Bill, and that the House of Lords is not only pursuing a systematic course of defeating the measures brought forward by the Liberal party, but that it has now set itself against the will of the people of England; a position inconsistent with the essentially democratic character of the government of Great Britain. The House of Lords has taken this position before, and has always, after a vigorous fight, been brought around, either through overcoming the opposition by increasing the number of peers, or through its perception that it had touched the danger-point and must recede. When the Upper House set itself obstinately against the passage of

the Reform Bill of 1832, it was brought to terms by the threat of the wholesale creation of new peers by the King. That had been done before and had been regarded as a lowering of the prestige—a kind of adulteration—of the English nobility. What makes the situation more offensive is the fact that the House of Lords now practically belongs to the Conservative party; that it automatically records the decrees of that party and opposes those of the Liberal party. When the second Home Rule Bill was thrown out of the House, Mr. Gladstone gave expression to the growing sentiment of a large section of the English people that a way must be found which should prevent the obstruction by the hereditary house of legislators of legislation proposed by the elective house. The Liberal Premier, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, is in a position, by reason of the enormous majority behind him, to deal strongly and decisively with the situation. What the programme of the Government will be it is impossible to forecast, as it is not probable that recourse will be had to the creation of a large number of new peers. That is only a temporary expedient; and some gentlemen who are transferred to the House of Lords have a fashion of becoming more conservative than the Conservatives. There are some Liberals as well as some Conservatives who would welcome a dissolution and an appeal to the country, but this would not be decisive. A more radical change is likely to be proposed, though not such a change as will involve either the end of the Upper House or reducing it to a mere consultation body. Very likely nothing will be done, for the very good reason that, if the House of Lords follows its own precedents, it is likely to yield at the last moment.



Revolution by Hysteria

A midwinter madness seems to have settled upon the Suffragettes in England, and they are throwing away whatever moral support they may have secured, by the insane attempt to cast to the winds all fundamental English ideas of the manner in which political and social changes should be brought about. On Wednesday of last week, the

day after the assembling of Parliament, a desperate attack was made by a small army of women on the House of Commons, and, after six hours of vigorous skirmishing, the assailants were finally dispersed, sustaining slight injuries to their persons and serious injury to their costumes. The battle-ground was strewn with hair-pins, hat-pins, ribbons, sections of head-dress. Fifty-seven of the attacking party were captured. The police suffered no greater loss than that of a few helmets and a few painful but not dangerous scratches. The attacking party was urged on by the fiery speeches delivered in the afternoon, one of the speakers giving the keynote of the situation in the declaration: "The time for words is passing away, and the time for action has come." A crowd to the number of two hundred organized themselves and marched to Westminster Hall, singing "John Brown's Body." They were warned by the police that, while the procession would not be interfered with, they would not be permitted to enter the Houses of Parliament. When the Parliament buildings were reached, an attempt was made by the police to break up the demonstration. The assailants stood firm, some of them organizing into small parties and dashing at the doors of the House, from which they were repulsed by the police. It may be suspected that if a cartoonist from Punch was present he selected as the most striking incident the attack made by a woman on a policeman with a muff. The police appear to have been good-natured and to have avoided violence so far as possible during the first attack. When the second attack came, however, their patience was exhausted, and there was something very like a riot in Parliament Square. Another picturesque incident at this stage of the struggle was the seizing of a member of the House of Commons by his coat-tails, his angry assailant shouting, "If you go into the House, I go too." The member escaped with his life, but not with his coat. Revolutions in England do not begin by beating the helmets of policemen with muffs, or tearing the tails from the coats of members of the national legislature. The movement is too violent to

last, but it is likely to have a very unfortunate effect on the prospects of suffrage in a country which is not only conservative by instinct, but which has also great respect for manners. Revolution by hysteria will not command the support of rational suffragists among English women; it will only furnish subjects for cartoonists



*A Veteran
Correspondent*

It does not often fall to the lot of a newspaper correspondent to overturn an English Ministry, nor to be knighted in recognition of his professional work. Sir William Howard Russell, who died last week at the age of eighty-six, began his services as war correspondent for the London Times in the Crimean War, and with his letters there arose really a new era of journalism as regards special correspondence. He did not merely tell of battles and maneuvers in condensed despatches, as had been the custom before his day, but in well-written, carefully prepared articles discussed large questions as they appeared from the field, while his scorching denunciations of military incompetency and failure to care for the soldiers' health roused public feeling in England so hotly that one Cabinet was replaced by another. In this country the name "Bull Run Russell" clung to him because of his over-vivid description of a battle which his detractors claim he never saw. If he erred in his estimate of the meaning of the Civil War and of the future of America, his mistake was one not altogether unnatural in view of the disastrous rout of Bull Run, and one, moreover, which many Englishmen unfortunately shared. Time, the great softener, had doubtless removed much of the asperity long felt toward Russell here. Sir William, as he became in 1895, had also served the Times, the Telegraph, and perhaps other English papers in the Indian Mutiny (he was at the taking of Lucknow), in the Prusso-Austrian campaign of 1866, in the Franco-Prussian War, in the Zulu troubles, and in the military operations at Alexandria and Tel-el-Kebir, while his letters of travel—cheerful, gossip, and shrewd—were mailed

from a long list of strange and distant countries and cities. Few men saw more of the events of the latter half of the nineteenth century than he, and few newspaper writers have interested and informed so large an audience.

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*The Strange Case of
George Edalji*

By applying to an actual case the principles of detection which he has formulated in his famous "Sherlock Holmes" stories, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has discovered what he believes to be a remarkable miscarriage of justice in an English court. George Edalji, a young lawyer, was, in 1903, arrested and convicted as being the principal in a series of outrageous maimings and killings of domestic animals. Sir Conan heard of the case, made an investigation, and proved to his own satisfaction, and to thousands who have read his narrative, Edalji's innocence. The story he tells, as printed in the New York Times, is briefly as follows: Thirty-one years ago the Rev. S. Edalji, a clergyman of the Church of England, became vicar of Great Wyrley. He was of Parsee origin, but was married to an English woman. Of his three children George was the oldest. When George was about twelve years old, Mr. Edalji had occasion to have a maid-servant arrested for sending him anonymous letters and writing ribald sentences about him on outhouses and buildings. Though she was bound over to keep the peace, the letters continued; among them were letters abusing George Edalji and even threatening his life. These letters also contained vulgar expressions of admiration for the local police. In some the name of the clergyman was forged. There was a document that even pretended to be a confession by George Edalji and another person that they were the authors. Hoaxes of various sorts were practiced. In one case the chief of the constabulary expressed himself as convinced that George was the offender. In 1903 there broke out an epidemic of crime. Month after month horses, cattle, and sheep were found ripped open. Anonymous letters were sent to the police accusing George of the crimes. Some of these the police believed George

wrote himself. One night the Edalji house was guarded. The next evening, while several constables and detectives were on watch, George Edalji, who by this time had become a lawyer, reached home about half-past six; after a while he put on a blue serge coat, walked to a bootmaker's in the village, and then walked about till supper-time; he returned to the vicarage at 9:25. After supper he went to bed. The next morning a pony was found ripped open. A sergeant had seen the pony apparently well at eleven. At midnight a heavy storm arose; at 6:20 the pony was discovered to be injured; at 8:30 a veterinary surgeon, after examination, stated that the injury had been done within six hours. The police raided the vicarage. They found a coat (not the blue one which George had worn during his evening walk); it was old, worn, and stained; according to the police, it was damp, though this is denied by the family. Some whitish stains on it proved to be starch stains; some brown and reddish stains, not shown to be fresh, were examined and found to be of mammalian blood—possibly meat gravy. The police declared also that there were horse-hairs on the coat; but this the family denied. The coat was taken away by the police. There was also taken by the police a piece of the pony's hide. That was in the morning; over twelve hours later (when there had been plenty of chance for hairs to be transferred from the hide to the coat) the police surgeon picked twenty-nine undoubted horse-hairs from the coat. The hairs, moreover, corresponded to those on the piece of hide. The crime was committed either before or after half-past nine. If before, which seemed impossible from the veterinary surgeon's statement, what had this old coat, which Edalji did not then wear, have to do with it? If after, how could the alibi, apparently established by the police themselves while on guard, be explained?

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*Was it an
Injustice?*

In spite of the questionable character of the evidence, George Edalji was found guilty and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment. In accordance with English practice, he had no chance to appeal.

While he was in jail awaiting trial, and after he began to serve his term, the outrages and the anonymous letters continued. Did the police regard this fact as a cause for reasonable doubt of their theory? Not at all; rather as a confirmation of it. They argued that the other members of the gang to which they alleged Edalji belonged were perpetrating the crimes in order to create the impression that Edalji could not have perpetrated the preceding ones. At last a man was convicted of committing an outrage of the same character as the others, and was sentenced to prison for three years. Another man—or rather boy—confessed to disemboweling his own horse, but later contradicted his own confession and fled the country. This brief outline necessarily omits some of the evidence—such as footprints, muddy shoes, and the like, which Sir Conan Doyle very effectually shows to be worthless. Two facts, however, which he cites as indicating the inherent improbability of the guilt of Edalji should be mentioned: first, that Edalji was very studious, altogether unlikely to be a companion of ruffians; second, that he was afflicted with extraordinary astigmatism, so that he could distinguish objects a few inches away only with difficulty, and was not capable of performing in the dark the feats necessary for the commission of the outrages of which he was accused. His staring, bulging eyes, however, which were evidence of his innocence, together with his dark skin, due to his Parsee origin, made him seem queer to English villagers and therefore helped to fasten suspicion upon him. The tribunal in which Edalji was tried was the lesser court of Quarter Sessions; and a Knight without legal training presided. A memorial on behalf of Edalji, signed by ten thousand people, including hundreds of lawyers, was addressed to the Home Office; but it had no effect. Apparently the complaint was referred to the police whose prosecution convicted the prisoner. After three years of imprisonment Edalji was released—apparently on the ground that the other man convicted was sentenced to but three years. There was, however, no pardon, no acknowledgment of injustice.

The case of Edalji affords an illustration of a defect in English legal procedure quite the opposite of that which has been a scandal in American criminal cases. In England a convicted prisoner has no right of appeal. The consequence is that it is only by the interference of the Government that errors in procedure which work injustice can be corrected. The Outlook has urged a revision of American criminal codes in order to prevent criminals from escaping punishment by taking advantage of technical errors. Though the English practice avoids this evil, it is not the only remedy. A convicted prisoner ought not to be allowed to go free because a judge made an erroneous decision on a minor matter; that we should learn from American experience. But from English experience we should also learn that a convicted prisoner ought to have the right to show that, by an error in the conduct of a case, he has been denied the chance to refute the charges against him.



*Giosue Carducci
and
Queen Margherita*

Last November the Nobel prize for literature was awarded to Giosue Carducci, the greatest of the Italian poets of our time. In comparison with the poverty against which for seventy years he had struggled, the money was a fortune. But it came only three months before his death. He passed away last week, and the occasion is one for national mourning. For Carducci was emphatically Italy's national poet. His early poems not only disclosed his poetical and political radicalism, but did as much as anything to fan the flame of Italian unity; they kept alive the national spirit during the long struggle for Italian unification. Though most of Carducci's poems celebrate revolution and republicanism, his glowing patriotism, his appreciation of the power of love, and his sensitiveness to beauty, whether in nature or in man, made him the literary idol of republicans and monarchists as well, and chief among the latter the present Queen Dowager, the beautiful, benevolent, and intelligent Margherita, a modern Vittoria Colonna. For her Carducci cher-

ished a chivalric devotion which has found expression in one of his finest odes. Some years ago he was troubled by the thought that at his death his large library would be dispersed and sold piecemeal; he wanted it preserved for the stimulation of scholars and poets. The Queen came to his mental and material rescue. She not only purchased the library, but she also purchased the poet's house, leaving both for his use during his lifetime. The Queen may now offer the library to the University of Bologna, where for nearly half a century Carducci was Professor of Italian Literature. It seems strange that the foremost Italian poet should be comparatively little known abroad. This is because his style and versification practically baffle translation.



The Religious Education Association

The fourth General Convention of the Religious Education Association, held at Rochester, New York, February 5 to 7, proves the effectiveness and vitality of an organization whose formative period has been watched with many hopes and some misgivings. That this Association does not duplicate or interfere with the specific work of other organizations is now evident beyond a doubt; that it has a definite field and mission of its own is still more plain. "The purpose of the Religious Education Association is: To inspire the educational forces of our country with the religious ideal; to inspire the religious forces of our country with the educational ideal; and to keep before the public mind the ideal of Religious Education, and the sense of its need and value." Printed on the cover of the programme, and voiced again and again through the Convention, this inspirational purpose ruled the thought of the whole gathering and made of one spirit many men of many minds. The annual address of the President, Dr. Faunce, of Brown University, voiced this spirit of the Association in at least five respects—open-mindedness, loyalty to the character and method of Jesus Christ, demand for contact between theory and experience, conviction that religion and education concern the whole of human nature and not detached parts

of it, and, finally, the sense of the Association's service to the Nation. The most outstanding feature of the Convention was thus its breadth of vision and temper. Made up of men of widely divergent ideas and callings, gathering its three hundred and fifty delegates from twenty-two States and three foreign countries, it yet showed no discord and no controversy. This was a second noteworthy feature of the Convention, that its unity of spirit gathered in the single exaltation of Jesus Christ, not doctrinally, but as the most vital fact of personal life. This was expressed in the address of Professor Coe, of Northwestern University. A third characteristic of the Convention found its most striking expression in an address by Dean Hodges, of Cambridge, on "Philanthropy and Theology"—"the heart makes the theologian," and only intimate living contact with the world of man can hold the ideal forces of religion and culture to a practical working unity of service—and was in evidence in all the sessions of its seventeen departments. The message of the Religious Education Association was finely summed up by its new President, Dr. King, of Oberlin College, on the last night of the Convention—a great moral ideal that shall inspire the whole of life and fortify against the great National dangers springing to-day from our lack of thought, passion for material comfort, and lack of a sense of law.



A New Missionary Movement

At the Laymen's Missionary Dinner in New York City last week the Rev. Henry Sloane Coffin put the object of the Laymen's Missionary Movement effectively by recalling the text, "Let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth." Both hands, he said, should be busy at work, not one hand working and the other hand watching the work. To get the men of the churches heartily enlisted in that missionary work which now is so largely carried on by ministers and women, a general committee has been organized of prominent men in the different denominations, to constitute, not a new

missionary board, but an interdenominational organization to work through existing boards. It will particularly have in mind two specific purposes—one, a campaign of education in the churches at home, aimed through parlor and dining-room conferences to reach and influence the more influential men of the churches; the other, the appointment of a commission of laymen, fifty or more in number, to visit, at their own expense, the foreign missionary fields, and report the results of their investigation to the churches at home. It is expected that the first of these visiting delegations will sail from the Pacific coast early in August, visiting Japan, China, Korea, the Philippines, India, Arabia, Africa, and Turkey.



*The Promise in
This Movement*

The character and promise of this movement are indicated by the type of men interested in it—such men as Mr. William J. Schieffelin, of New York, Mr. Joshua Levering, of Baltimore, the Hon. John W. Foster, of Washington, and Senator Crane, of Massachusetts. This movement seems to The Outlook admirable in its spirit and purpose. If the men identified with it can and will take an active part in it, and be responsible for it, and if under their guidance a lay delegation of efficient business men can and will visit the foreign missionary fields for the purpose of making an honest investigation followed by a perfectly fearless report of conditions, it is certain that if the criticisms which have been leveled against missions and missionaries are true, the defects will be exposed and corrected, and if they are false, the falsehoods will be exposed and the missionaries and their work justified. The only criticism The Outlook has to make upon this movement is that the suggestions offered in the pamphlet before us for the guidance of the visiting delegation are not adequate. We need not merely to know what are the missionary forces at work on the field, what the number and character of individual conversions, whether the work is carried on economically, what the native churches are doing and

whether they can do more, and what can be done to promote comity and union between the churches. These are important; but of equal and perhaps greater importance is it to know what the missions are doing to promote the spirit of Christianity, and so the development of a Christian civilization, among those who are not professed converts. Since the establishment of Christian missions modern schools have been established in Turkey under Mohammedan control; the burning of widows has ceased in India, and the condition of child widows has been improved; the school system of China has been revolutionized, and China has begun to recognize the value of progress; Japan has been revolutionized, and from being a feudal has become a democratic country. One of the questions, and not the least of those on which this visiting commission should throw light, is, How far have these and kindred changes been due to the influence of Christian missions upon the non-professedly Christian population in the various countries?



*A Retreat for
Social Workers*

It was a felicitous thought which Union Theological Seminary embodied in devoting the birthday of that great servant of humanity, President Lincoln, to a sort of retreat for social workers. Morning and afternoon were occupied with addresses on the general subject of Religion in Social Service. "The Religious Basis of the Social Movement" was described by Professor William Adams Brown, as consisting in recognition of the moral imperative immanent in history, the definite goal of its purpose, and a place and a value for every man therein. "There is no surer test of a man's religion," said he, "than his view of history." Of "The Fundamental Religious Fact in the Light of Modern Thought" Professor Knox said that religion itself is an elemental fact in nature, independent of intellectual explanations of its environment. The old "evidences" of Christianity and arguments to prove the existence of God from the world as it now is are obsolete. Religion is the trust in a divine ideal

which strives to make it real. Concerning "Ethical Religion" as emphasizing conduct Professor McGiffert referred to "dangerous arguments" for it, based on future reward or punishment, and on the will of God rather than ideal good. It is ethical conduct with faith in the growth of good through social service, recognizing a higher Power as at the back of our work. Professor Frame spoke of "The Social Message of Jesus." He was the Prophet of ideal humanity, intent on the ethicizing of religion. His other-worldliness was the better-worldliness of the future which is here in its beginning. The question for us is our accord with his social attitude as outlined in three great utterances—"Love your enemies;" "The Last Judgment," with its ethical tests; the prayer to "Our Father." Of "The Ultimate Aim of Social Reform" Professor Fagnani said: "It is the removal of conditions which make for misery. This is not a happy world. Happiness is the feeling which results from the normal functioning of the human organism. But the church has been too shy of happiness. It should champion the things that ought to be. Nothing is too good for a son of God. The motto of social reform is, 'God and the People.' Its ideal is given in Daniel's vision of governments of brutes superseded by the government of humanity." Professor Hall defined "Our Common Service" by saying that the Church is a society for righteousness. In this time of social stress and unrest the Church is in danger of caring more for its organization than for the realization of its design by working for the redemption of collective humanity. Its true bond of union is not in ideas, but in ideals; not in symbols and creeds, but in the service of humanity which reveals the Father in righteousness incarnate. Dr. Coffin, of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, closed the day with an inspiring address on "Inspiration."



A Great Teacher The death of Professor Charles E. Garman, of Amherst College, last week will make little impression outside the circle of his pupils. For his whole life was devoted

with singleness of purpose to them. He knew no public outside of his class-room. Happily for him, he was not without appreciation in his chosen kingdom. Their appreciation was characteristically testified to in the volume published last summer, dedicated to him by thirteen of his former pupils who are now occupying prominent positions as educators, most of them in colleges or universities, each of whom contributed to the volume an essay on some phase of philosophy. For nearly a quarter of a century Mr. Garman had been Professor of Moral Philosophy in Amherst College, and the fact that thirteen of his pupils have attained in early life eminent positions as philosophical teachers bears testimony to the excellence of his work. Fifty years ago philosophy was taught as a perfected system; that is, the teacher had a certain definite philosophy which he communicated to his pupils, as the teacher of physical science instructs his pupils that the earth is round and revolves about the sun. The extreme of this method was well illustrated in a school in which less than half a century ago the pupils were expected to commit Butler's Analogy to memory and recite it verbatim, unless, as the teacher sarcastically told them, they could phrase the passage better than did Dr. Butler. In reaction against this method came what we may perhaps call the laboratory method, in which the problems of life are thrown out at the students and they are left to wrestle with the problems and reach their own conclusions, with little or no help from the teacher. The avowed object of this method is to train the pupils to philosophical thinking, not to conduct them to sound conclusions. The difficulty with this method is that it is too much to expect that a boy of eighteen will reach, unaided, sound conclusions on subjects upon which philosophers from Plato to Hegel have been putting their best endeavors. A good many students, given metaphysical nuts to crack, only crack their own teeth. Professor Garman combined the first and the second methods; he put the problems in philosophy before his students with absolute candor; he evaded no difficulties, stifled no inquiry, assumed

as proved no dogmas. But he guided the thinking of his students toward what he believed to be sound conclusions. They worked in the laboratory, but under his direction. Some of them did not reach his conclusions; more of them forgot the conclusions which they did reach; but practically all of them were inspired by the spirit of free inquiry, and with the conviction that free inquiry conducted with reverence for the truth can be trusted eventually to reach trustworthy conclusions. The affectionate respect with which the graduates from his classroom look back upon him can be compared only to that with which Thomas Arnold has been regarded by the graduates of Rugby. Professor Garman's death will be keenly felt by a large circle of devoted friends whose friendship has in many cases survived the separation of years.



*The Sinking of
the Larchmont*

Among the many calamities by sea and on land the past year, none can compare in heartrending suffering with that near Block Island on Monday night of last week. The steamboat Larchmont, of the Joy Line, on its way from Providence to New York, was struck amidships by the three-masted schooner Harry Knowlton. The night was clear though intensely cold, and to the non-nautical mind there seems no excuse apparent for near approach between the vessels. While it would be neither fair nor wise to attempt to anticipate the results of official inquiry, it may be noted that a sailing vessel has, under ordinary circumstances, the right of way as against a steamboat, and that the schooner's officers declare that they had not varied their course for twenty minutes before the collision. It would seem on the face of it that the burden of defense lies with the steamboat's officers, and that they should give a convincing reason for not sooner varying their course so as to give the schooner a wide berth. Every one who has been a frequent passenger on steamboats and even on ferryboats knows that the practice of passing altogether too close is a common one.

Another matter which the commission of inquiry will have to consider thoroughly is the conduct of the officers and crew of the steamboat. Nothing could be more unjust than to base an adverse opinion as to this on the statements of one or two surviving passengers who after the collision were terrified and half frozen. The captain admits that his boat was probably the first to be got into the water, but claims that he had done all in his power to urge forward the launching of the other boats before getting into his own, and that it was only because of the quicker work and greater skill of his crew that their boat reached the water first. At least one passenger, on the other hand, impeaches the conduct of the captain toward the passengers, and others quote the "unwritten law" that a captain should be the last to leave his ship. So far as is known at this writing, the number of the dead will be not far from one hundred and forty; only nineteen persons escaped alive, two of whom were women, and all suffered severely, some dangerously, from the effects of the cold; two deaths have since occurred among the nineteen survivors of the night. The horrors of the exposure are indicated by the fact that the physicians who saw the bodies recovered say that all died not from drowning but from freezing, that one boat came ashore with only one of ten alive, the others having succumbed to the cold, and that one man committed suicide in the boat because he could not endure the suffering. The Larchmont was an old boat, its hull of wood; it had compartment divisions of wood, but, if the doors were closed, it is evident that the divisions were quite inadequate to keep the boat up even for a moderate space of time when struck amidships. While the primary blunder in this disaster appears to have been made in the pilot-house, there are facts that warrant the question as to how far this frightful loss of life may be ascribed to lack of rigid restriction as to build, age, and safety appliances of coastwise passenger boats. National steamboat investigation should be extended and State investigation radically reformed.

Lenten Meditations

Thy Will

"Thy will be done" is more than a prayer of submission: it is a prayer of consecration. Submission may be the subjection of a weaker will to a power that is dreaded; consecration is the dedication of a quickened and inspired will to a Person who is loved and honored. The slave submits to the master whom he fears, and says, "I obey." The bride, when she promises to obey, consecrates her life to the husband whom she loves. The conscript and the volunteer both say, "Thy will be done;" one submits himself, the other consecrates himself. When Christ in Gethsemane says, "Thy will, not mine, be done," he does not merely submit to the inevitable. In the same breath in which he confesses to his Father his dread of the morrow, he implores him not to let that dread stand for a moment athwart the Father's purpose. When he bids his disciples begin their prayer with the petition, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven," it is as if he said to them, All other desires are conditioned on this, all other petitions are subordinate to this. Desire bread, but if by hunger you can better serve your Father's will, prefer hunger. Desire to be kept out of temptation; but desire trial and temptation if through them you can build up your Father's kingdom. You rightly ask to be delivered from the Evil One; but do not fear to encounter him if by the encounter you can win a victory for your Father's cause. Ask to be forgiven as you forgive, for it is only by forgiving as you are forgiven that you can do your Father's work.

This, too, is the meaning, or should be, of that, alas! too often meaningless phrase, "For Christ's sake," with which we are wont to close our prayers. All prayers for ourselves and others should have this as their consummation, that we and they may better promote the kingdom of God on the earth, as all requisitions of a soldier in camp should be that he may do loyal campaigning more efficiently.

What is God's will? The Psalmist

has described it in describing God's work:

He forgiveth all thine iniquities;
He healeth all thy diseases;
He redeemeth thy life from destruction;
He crowneth thee with loving-kindness
and tender mercies.

This is the history of the world: Man sinning, God forgiving; man sick, God healing; man destroying himself, God rescuing him from his self-destruction; man raking in the muck-heap, God proffering him coronation. To pray, "Thy will be done," is to pray that we may have some share in this work of forgiving, healing, saving, crowning. For this we ask for food and forgiveness and guidance and deliverance, that so God's kingdom may the quicker come and his will be the better done.

To realize that there is a divine will at work in the world, that some men are thwarting it, and some are ignorant of it, and some are identifying themselves with it; to desire to be in the latter class, to pray with our lives as well as with our lips, "Thy will be done"—this is consecration. It gives moderation to triumph in our victory, because it is God's victory, not ours; it gives joyful resignation in our defeats and disasters, because so we can make our defeats and disasters God's victory; and it gives always a courage which nothing can daunt, and a hope which nothing can quench.

"Not in dumb resignation
We lift our hands on high;
Not like the nerveless fatalist,
Content to do and die.
Our faith springs like the eagle's
Who soars to meet the sun,
And cries exulting unto Thee,
'O Lord, Thy will be done.'"



Starving Russia

In all probability destined to be one of the greatest and most powerful nations of the civilized world, Russia is passing through a disciplinary and formative period of almost incredible suffering. Harassed, thwarted, and oppressed through decades of internal dissensions, discouraged, impoverished, and wounded by a great foreign war, she is now stricken with a terrible famine. A recent visitor to the suffering district, Mr. Leroy Scott,

gives elsewhere in this issue of *The Outlook* a vivid account of the effects of the famine. According to conservative estimates, more than twenty millions of men, women, and children are directly and physically suffering for the lack of food. These people face not merely the pains of hunger, but the terror of those diseases which follow in the footsteps of famine. In this extremity Russia is turning to America for help; and when her cry is once heard and realized, we cannot doubt that the help will be forthcoming.

Mr. Nicolas Shishkoff, a recent member of the Russian Duma, has just arrived in New York to present the cause of starving Russia to the people of this country. Although he has been an influential figure in Russian political affairs, he is neither a revolutionist nor a representative of the Government; he comes as a private philanthropist, pure and simple, asking for much-needed help for his fellow-men and ours. Mr. Shishkoff belongs to the hereditary nobility of Russia, his mother being a princess. He has been a large landholder, and most of his life has been spent as an agricultural and estate proprietor in the province of Samara. He has for more than twenty years been a member of various local and provincial bodies which have had charge of the welfare and improvement of the peasant class. During the great famine of a dozen years ago he was prominent and active in the work of relief, and was appointed to conduct an investigation of the economic condition of the peasants throughout the central provinces of Russia. He belongs to that remarkable body of men of modern Russia who, while of aristocratic lineage and possessing liberal education and accomplishments, have sacrificed rank and property in their active sympathy with the struggles of the common people for political freedom and constitutional rights. Mr. Shishkoff is hoping to organize a National Relief Committee in this country which shall work in co-operation with the United Zemstvo Famine Relief Association of Russia, the national organization of which he is the accredited representative.

Two possible objections may be made

in this country to giving money to the famine-stricken peasants of Russia. One will come from conservatives, the other from radicals. The conservative may say, "These peasants have brought all this suffering on themselves by rebelling against governmental authority, by burning estates, by refusing to pay taxes, by sulking in their villages, and declining to till the soil under the direction of Government officials; I am opposed to revolution, and I think the only way to suppress a famine is first to suppress a revolution." The radical may say, "There would have been no famine if it had not been for the unjust and cruel oppressions of a despotic government—a government which, for its own selfish purposes, has denied the peasants education and a knowledge of how to apply the simplest modern scientific ideas to their agriculture, has taxed them so outrageously that they have had no money to buy tools and seed and fertilizer and cattle and horses, has taken all the able-bodied farmers and farm laborers away from the fields and plunged them into the destruction and misery of an unnatural foreign war; the way to suppress famines is to suppress such a despotic and destructive despotism."

But these arguments in the face of human wretchedness and misery become mere theories, and the American people are not in the habit of stopping to discuss theories when the question is one of life-saving. When a passenger steamer goes down on a freezing winter night in the waters of Long Island Sound, those who are rescued by the exercise of self-sacrificing heroism are at once warmed, fed, and clothed. When this first duty is accomplished, we then discuss the question whether such accidents are not preventable by building steamers with water-tight compartments, by a more rigorous inspection of lifeboats, by a modification of the shipping laws to provide for better discipline and a higher state of efficiency among steamboat officers and sailors.

Let us by all means support, on the one hand, the proper enforcement of national authority, and on the other the proper demands for popular rights and political liberty. But when we can do

anything effective to mitigate the sufferings and prevent the deaths, not merely of individuals here and there, but of whole villages of men, women, and children, we may perfectly safely drop for a moment the discussion of political principles, and unite with hearty accord in feeding the starving.



A Popular Essayist

Very few writers of the serious temper, using chiefly the essay form, have attained popularity so suddenly as Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson; and readers in all parts of the country are interested in the personality of a man whose work, while it is in a certain degree reticent, is at the same time so intimate both on the intellectual and spiritual side. Mr. Benson has had a very fortunate education for his work. His father, the late Archbishop of Canterbury, was a man of great charm of nature and sweetness of spirit. No one who ever saw him will forget the mingled refinement and strength of his face—one of those faces, like Stanley's, Church's, and Keble's, which reveal the latent sweetness and spiritual fineness of the best English character. Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson, his son, was born in 1862, received his early education at Eton, perhaps the richest in historical associations of the great English public schools, certainly the most beautiful in situation—the school in which Prime Ministers have been bred for many generations, and from the playgrounds of which Windsor Castle looms in majesty like a symbol of English state. From Eton Mr. Benson went to King's College, Cambridge, affiliated in origin with Eton, as New College, Oxford, is with Winchester. He had several years' experience as a teacher at Eton, and is now a Fellow of Magdalene College at Cambridge, a college which Americans will remember as beyond the long line of colleges on the river.

Mr. Benson's reputation as a writer in this country is a matter of the last few months, but he has served a long apprenticeship, and the list of his acknowledged books, as it appears in "The

Memoirs of Arthur Hamilton," just reprinted in this country, includes sixteen titles. Other volumes with which he is credited do not appear in this list, and are omitted probably because the author desires to allow them to pass into oblivion. "The Upton Letters," which appeared about two years ago, attracted the attention of thoughtful people; but it was not until the publication of the volume of delightful essays with the attractive title "From a College Window" that Mr. Benson became what may be called a popular writer, if the adjective "popular" can be used in connection with an essayist of Mr. Benson's meditative mood. A glance at his earlier books brings out the fact that he is the author of five biographies. Of these, the Lives of Rossetti, FitzGerald, and Walter Pater, in the English Men of Letters Series, have been widely read by students of literature; and the study of Pater has taken its place as the most intelligent and well-balanced account of Pater which has appeared. There are five volumes of poems the authorship of which Mr. Benson acknowledges; and two books of prose essays, "The Thread of Gold" and "The House of Quiet," which appeared anonymously some time ago, attracted a great many readers by reason of the vein of reflection on the serious aspects of life which ran through them, and found expression in a very attractive style, suggestive, sympathetic, and sound in form. These books are in no sense original contributions to English writing of the time; but they have something of the charm of the English rivers. They flow through a ripe and peaceful country, with a gentle motion which carries the reader on, but not so rapidly as to blur the images of overhanging trees and quiet places which fall into its depths.

Concerning the authorship of "At the Gate of Death," which appeared anonymously with the imprint of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, there was not the slightest question among those who had read "The Upton Letters;" and "The Memoirs of Arthur Hamilton," which appeared in London in 1886, and has been recently reprinted by the Messrs. Putnam, bears the stamp of the same

meditative temper, the same refined and thoughtful style. If the title of the new book of Mr. Benson's, recently announced, "By Quiet Waters," defines either its content or its manner, it will take its place in the group with "The Thread of Gold" and "The House of Quiet." So far as their spirit and style are concerned, these books come naturally from the atmosphere of Cambridge, with its wealth of old associations, the dignity and beauty of its ancient halls and gardens, and the inimitable charm of its river, whose brief half-mile, as it runs between the colleges, is a kind of vital and gracious summary of all that is ripest and most distinctive in older England. So far as their matter and the interests with which they deal are concerned, however, it would seem at the first glance as if, like some flowers which bloom sporadically on an alien soil, they had come to expression in an unfriendly atmosphere. Oxford has been described as the University of Movements, and Cambridge as the University of Men. It is one of the peculiarities of Cambridge that, although its pre-eminence in mathematics has been conceded for many decades, it has been pre-eminently the mother of poets. Almost every college is associated with some gracious singer; and one looks up at the windows of the oldest buildings and associates them definitely with some of the greatest English poets.

But if Cambridge has been mathematical in the emphasis of its instruction, and the home of late years of a good deal of religious indifferentism and of a critical spirit, it must not be forgotten that it was also one of the homes of Puritanism; and that from time to time men of religious genius have appeared among its teachers or students. As one recalls, in its quiet streets or lovely gardens, the uproar of London, the staccato cries of Paris, the roar of New York, he feels that he is in "The House of Quiet," and is glad of a chance in that tranquil atmosphere to read a book which deals, not with action or achievement or adventure, but with the calmer joys of living, the finer exaltations of the spirit, the deeper peace; in a word, with the rich and often neglected resources of the

meditative life. "The Upton Letters" are in a somewhat different vein, and happily combine suggestive comments on boys with charming descriptions of landscape and quiet meditations on human relations and the deeper experiences of life. The essays in the volume "From a College Window" have been so widely read that a knowledge of their quality and their themes may be taken for granted. It is enough to say that no more delightful book of the quiet life has appeared for many a day, nor one that lends itself to reading aloud more graciously.

Mr. Benson has set at naught two theories very widely held. Forty years ago, when Carlyle, Emerson, and Matthew Arnold were in the hands of thoughtful men, it was still good form for a man of letters to take an interest in religious questions and to deal with the religious issues as if they were matters of vital importance and universal interest. Of late years it has been the fashion to charge every writer who touched these themes with didacticism, and with endeavoring to become a preacher. The difference between the preacher and the artist lies in the manner. One may deal in the most serious way with the most serious things and remain pre-eminently an artist, or one may deal with the most trifling things and be pre-eminently a preacher. The deeper religious experiences, which lie below the region of debate and theological discussion, belong pre-eminently to the man of letters, because they are pre-eminently the issues of life. Mr. Benson is, first of all, a religious writer; but he is not a preacher, he is essentially an artist. He lets the truth enforce itself. His endeavor is to set it forth with perfect sincerity and with vivid charm. He is reverent of the traditions of the past, but not in any sense a slave to their authority. He endeavors to translate with freedom, the religious experiences of men to-day in terms of twentieth-century speech. "At the Gate of Death," for instance, is a kind of prose "In Memoriam," recording all the various phases and aspects which death takes on in all the moods through which mortal man passes. It is a register of doubts, the alternate passage of shadow

and light, shot through by the fundamental hope that illuminates and that finally conquers.

Mr. Benson has happily disproved also the theory that, in order to secure attention in this day of much writing and publishing, one must shout like an auctioneer, or scream like a victim of hysteria, or deal with forbidden things, or paint with a flamboyant brush all manner of morbid, abnormal, and unwholesome experiences. No books could be further removed from the world of noise, confusion, appeal to popular prejudices, cheap and smug interpretations of religion or philanthropy, than Mr. Benson's books. They contain the work, not only of a thinker, but of a man of academic taste and surroundings. "From a College Window" happily characterizes the point of view of the writer, though without the limitations that sometimes mar the prospect and blur the vision from the college outlook. Writing from an environment almost as quiet to-day as it was in the time of Gray, the author of "The Upton Letters" and "At the Gate of Death" sees life sanely and with warm human sympathies, and envelops his readers in an atmosphere of rest and thoughtfulness, in a style at once fluent, accurate, and beautiful without over-emphasis or exaggeration.



The Evidences of Christianity

The evidences of Christianity, to be effective, must be looked for in present experiences, not in past history, for the simple reason that past history itself must first be proved before it can become proof to the present generation. If the miracles of Jesus Christ are relied upon to prove the truth of Christianity, the miracles must first be proved; if his resurrection is relied upon, the resurrection must first be demonstrated. But generally he who is skeptical about Christianity is still more skeptical about the miracles and the resurrection. The witness to Christianity must be a living witness, whose testimony can be heard and who can be cross-examined. This

truth, which it were well if the defenders of the faith more generally recognized, was very clearly put before his congregation by Dr. Mason W. Clarke, of Brooklyn, New York, in a recent unpublished sermon, from which we make a few extracts:

I do not personally know whether Christ turned water into wine or not; but whether he did or not, he did change Saul of Tarsus into Paul the apostle—that was the greater miracle; and this is the kind of miracle that has been the constant accompaniment of Christ's presence in history.

When the question comes to us to-day, What shall we do with this Jesus who is called the Christ? it is of the Christ of this present hour concerning whom it is asked. Whether he was born of a virgin or not is not the issue; whether he rose from the dead or not, as a tangible form, is not the issue; whether he worked miracles of power is not the issue. The issue is concerning this deathless Person whom multitudes are loving and serving now, who is the inspiration of countless lives to-day, who is the comfort and joy of unnumbered throngs of human souls, the Christ who is every day we live changing poor lost men into new creations, and who is giving hope and courage and redemption to the world. What shall we do with him? We must read the story of Jesus of old in the light of what Christ now is.

If you were to bring from the grave some old inhabitant of Pompeii and show him the dark side of New York, he would look wearily up into your face and tell you that they did all these things in his day, only perhaps a little more heartily and vivaciously than we do now. If you were to call up some ancient Babylonian and lead him through these scenes of vice and shame, he would assure you that it is old to him, and not half so interesting as it was in the open life of Babylon.

But suppose you were to call up an old Pompeian sinner and a debauched citizen of ancient Babylon and show them the Christian side of our modern life, take them to one of our hospitals, for instance. How their eyes would brighten. "We never saw this in Pompeii or in Babylon. This is truly interesting. Who ever heard of such a thing as this?" Take them to St. Christopher's, and imagine their amazement. "Why, do you care for sick children like this? We used to let them die, or throw them out into the woods to perish of exposure. This is really interesting." Take them to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. How they would pinch themselves to see if they were awake! Take them to our Christian houses for the poor and afflicted and despairing, and watch their expressions. "Why,

this is something new! We never had these things in our day."

When the Chinese Commissioners were in this country, they were taken about by a delegation of citizens to see the sights of Chicago—the railway stations, the stock-yards, the great factories, the great department stores, the sky-scrapers. Asked what interested him the most, one of the chiefs of the Commission replied, "The Hospital, Hull House, and the Young Men's Christian Association work." These interested them most because they were the most unlike what they had in China. They had railways, though not so great; slaughter-houses and factories and shops, though not on so large a scale; houses, though not so many stories high. But hospitals for the care of the sick without charge, social settlements for the benefit of the poor who can pay nothing but gratitude and do not always pay that, and a Young Men's Christian Association where young men of culture and social position are devoting their lives to fraternal service of the lonely, the unsocial, and the tempted—these were to the Chinese Commissioners absolutely new. No wonder these commonplaces of a Christian civilization interested them more than our social pomps and our commercial equipments.

Jesus Christ made certain definite promises to the world, at the same time giving the warning that it would take a long time and require victory over many obstacles before they could be perfectly fulfilled. Here is one of these promises:

The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach glad tidings to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to them that are blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.

If he has done this or is doing it, then he is to be believed. If he has not done this or is not doing it, then he is not to be believed. What are the facts? Has Christianity been glad tidings to the poor or not? Are they better off in Christian America than they were in pagan Rome, where half the population were slaves, and of the other half a large proportion lived on the edge of starvation, from which they were preserved

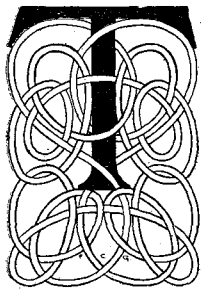
only by gifts of food from the rich? Not yet does every man sit under his own vine and fig-tree, but nearly half the families in America own the land they occupy. How about the broken-hearted? The scholars tell us that the ancient pagan tombs contain no inscriptions of hope. At the Christian funeral we sing Mrs. Browning's "He giveth his beloved sleep," or Edward H. Bickersteth's

"Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us
and ours;
Jesus has vanquished death and all its
powers."

And flowers, emblem of life springing out of death, cover the coffin and the newly closed grave. How about the captives? The only remnant of slavery in Christendom is in the Congo country, and there it is ill concealed under forms of law which we have good reason to believe will not long sustain it. The blind? In every Christian land schools, asylums, and industries for the blind, with a written language invented for their especial use. The bruised by oppression? In Russia the imperialism of the Cæsars is fighting a losing battle for its life, and everywhere west of Russia the recognition in theory, and largely in practice, that governments exist for the benefit of the governed. The acceptable year of the Lord? Everywhere hope beckoning men on from the dull despair that is miscalled content; everywhere in Christendom increasing numbers of men and women hoping and struggling toward better days for their children, if not for themselves. There is still "the man with the hoe." There are still the slums. But these are the relics of a paganism under which the great majority of the population were doomed to a life of drudgery and housed rarely better and often worse than the beasts of the field.

The evidences of Christianity are to be found, not in facts which occurred in the first century, but in facts which are occurring all about us in the twentieth; as the evidence that there is an irrigating plant in the mountains of Arizona is to be found, not in an engineer's report that he has built one, but in the verdure which clothes the once desert plain which irrigation has converted into a garden.

The Spectator in Mediaeval Rothenburg



HE Spectator had a fixed idea (derived from exactly where he cannot say) that Nuremberg was a delightfully ancient, sleepy spot, where one stepped into the atmosphere of five hundred years ago, and walked as in a

dream of mediæval days. It was a shock, therefore, to land there one evening in a big modern station, amid the largest and most rushing crowd he had encountered in all Germany. It was a far worse shock to look out of the window next morning and see, in front of the hotel, the same large and glaring vehicle that infests our American cities, guard, megaphone, and all, with the legend "Seeing Nuremberg" placarded upon it. Shock number three came with the discovery that Nuremberg, as one of the most progressive commercial cities of the Empire, was holding a big exposition, and very much more interested in it than in the historic past. The Spectator enjoyed Nuremberg; nobody could help

it; but he felt dazed all the time he was there from the violent upset his mind had received.



It was not until he had reached the seclusion of Rothenburg on the Tauber that he "met up" with the reality of what he had expected. Very few people who go to Nuremberg go to Rothenburg on the Tauber. The Spectator was among the fortunate few because a friend, who hadn't time to go himself, urged him not to miss it. It takes time to go to Rothenburg, because it is on a branch road, whose time-tables are too much even for the man at Cook's. The traveler starts in the early afternoon for a junction remembered by the Spectator as "Dumb-bell," that being the nearest he could get to the German word by simplified spelling. "Dumb-bell" being reached an hour behind time, the Rothenburg train makes up leisurely. Then it starts, goes half-way, remembers that it has forgotten something, comes back for miles, changes its mind again and makes a fresh detour, and finally, in the twilight, lands its passengers far down by one of the gates of the Red City

on the Tauber. Here is no big station, no hurrying modern crowd. When it comes to "seeing Rothenburg," travelers need expect no megaphonic communications. A blessed sense of peace and hope came into the Spectator's heart as he left his luggage with a sturdy youth with a handbarrow, and loitered up the road, past the spot where Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden camped in 1632 (a mere yesterday to Rothenburg, which was founded in 420 by the Franks) and through the famous Röderthor gate, with its little red-tiled, flower-crowded square turrets hanging over the green moat. Here, at last, were the Middle Ages waiting for their admirers.



Not that Rothenburg has not a hotel omnibus—indeed, it possesses two, as the Spectator afterward found out. Not that it has not electric light in its streets and hotels, and can accommodate automobiles. Not that, outside its gates, at the foot of the hill, where its famous Wildbad Springs lie, it has not a celebrated modern sanitarium, overflowing with science and clients. But the real

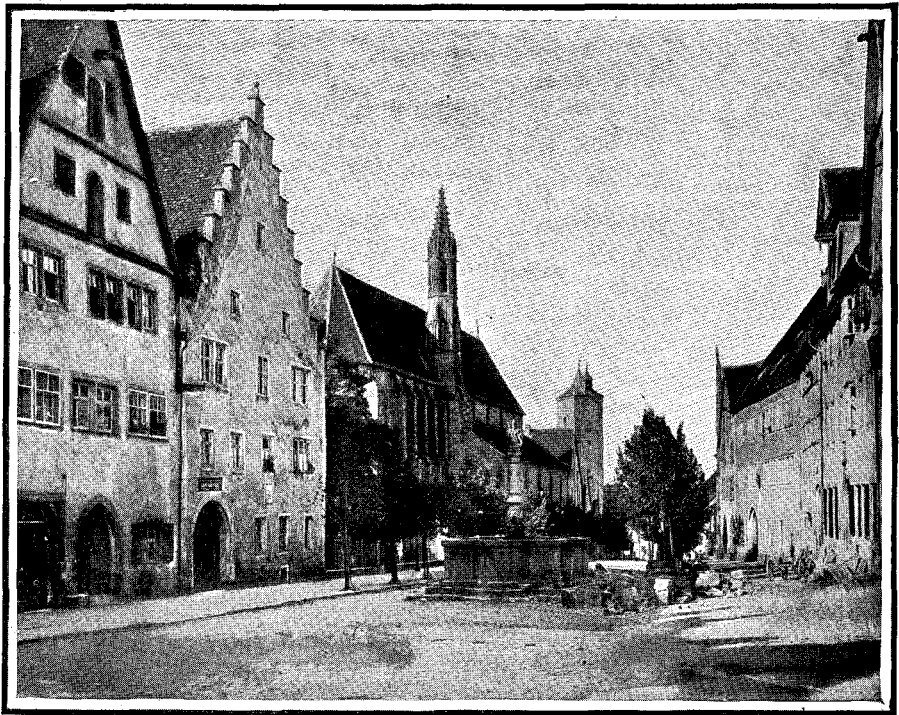
Rothenburg is untouched by these things. It is jealous of old ways, proud of immemorial custom. New houses can be built outside its gates in any style desired. But inside the town the Rothenburger whose mediæval dwelling tumbles about his ears cannot rebuild it in twentieth-century style—nor does he want to. He rebuilds it exactly as it has stood for centuries, and he paints afresh the old house-motto on it that has greeted the passer-by for perhaps four hundred years. On every street these quaint rhymes flourish upon gable and façade. The shoemaker's house, where generations of his trade before him have waxed thread and driven peg, bears the stanza :

Im Hause meiner Väter
Klopf' ich allhier das Leder
Und mache meinen Reim dazu
Ich Sorge nicht wer's nach mir thu'.

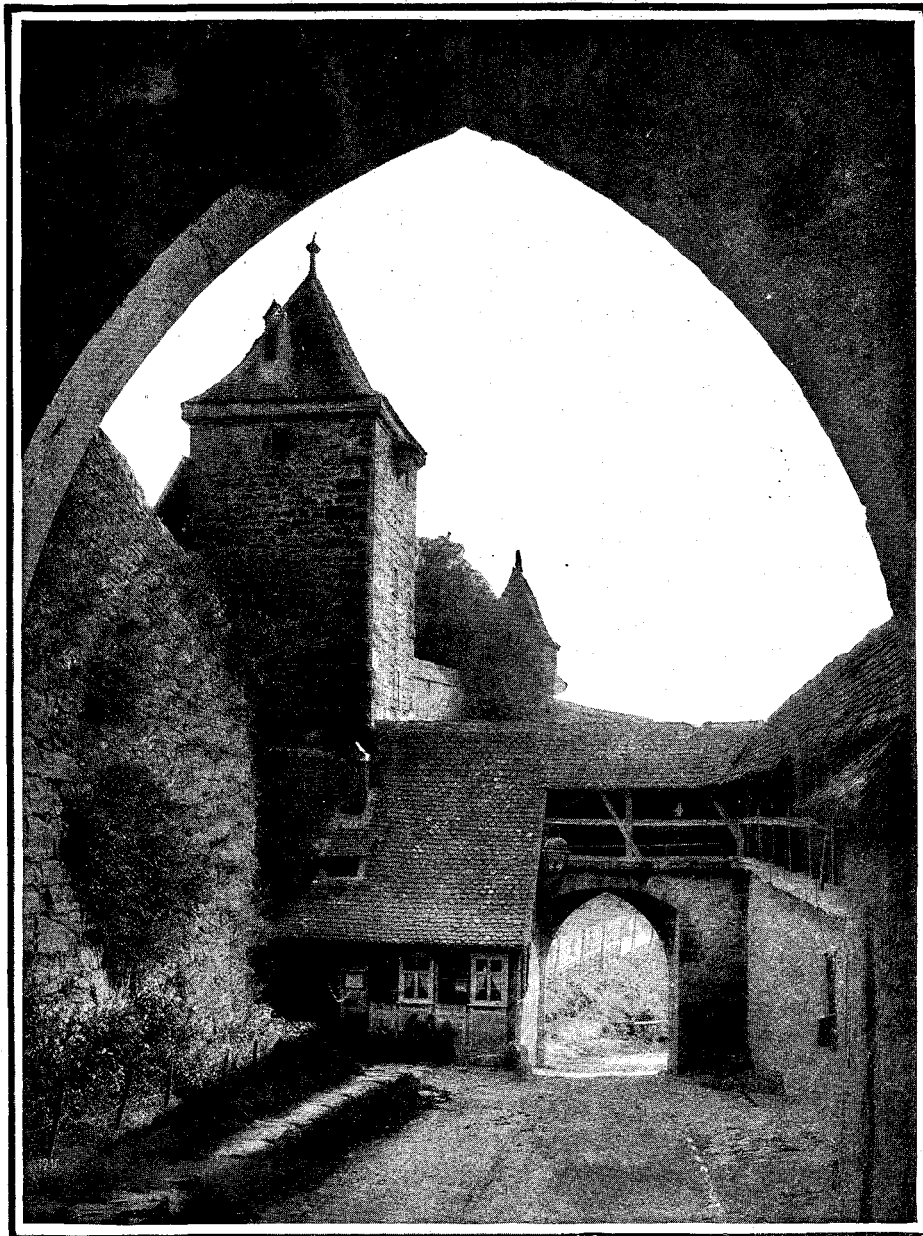
A little higher up the Rödergasse shines out this patriotic distich, between two elaborately painted baskets of roses :

Deutsches Haus—Deutsches Land
Schirm dich Gott mit starker Hand.

And a thoroughly German sentiment, which has suited the dwellers behind it



A STREET NEAR THE RATHHAUS



THE KOBOLD TOWER

for centuries, is to be read on the Herrenstrasse :

Gott lieben macht selig
Wein trinken macht fröhlich
Dum liebet Gott und trinket Wein
So werdet ihr selig und fröhlich sein.

The Spectator's hotel had its motto, too. It was a delightful combination of two old houses of the noble family of the

Winterbachs, nearly opposite the Rathaus itself, and its rhyme was :

Im Kaiserstuhl sass Wenzeslaus,
Die Stadt bezahlt' ihm Wein und Schmaus.
Verhüll Dein Haupt, mein Lieber,
Die Zeiten sind vorüber.

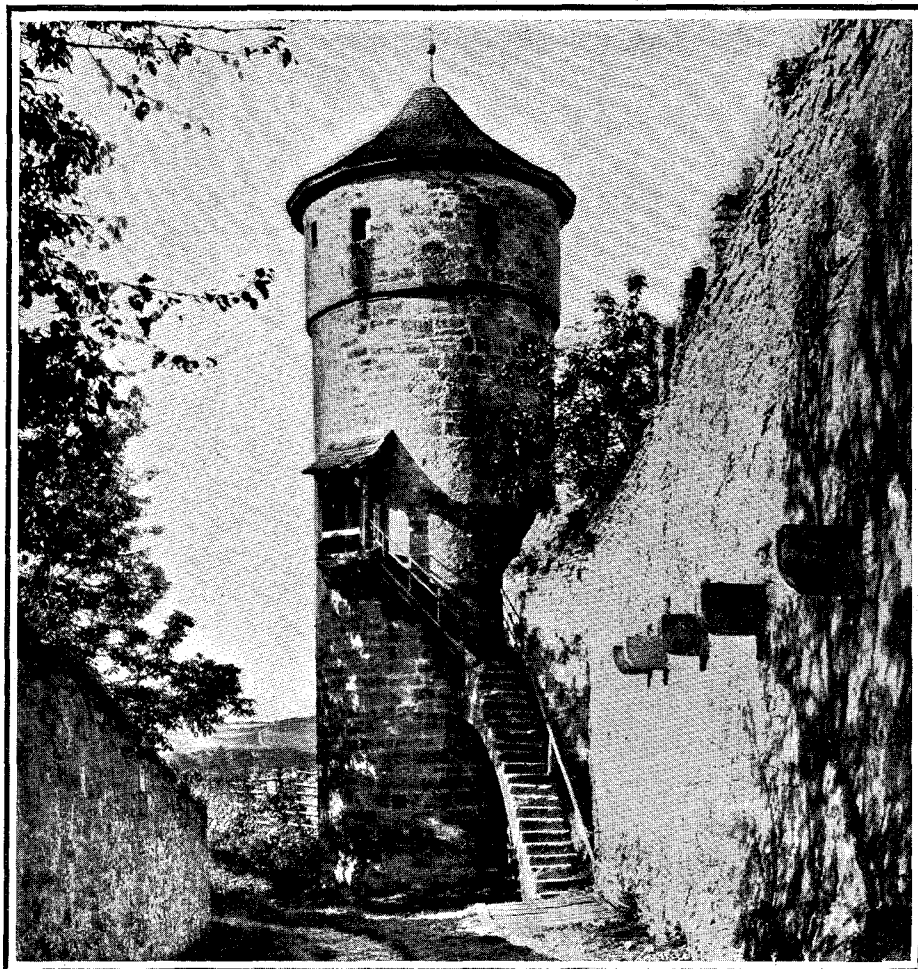
All up and down the street near it were the old patrician houses of Rothenburg. Here, on one house-front of the Jagsthei-

mers, was proudly inscribed the fact that the Emperor Maximilian had been twice a guest within the walls. In another, "The Child of Rothenburg," the imperial Frederick, nephew of Barbarossa, was born. In another still Charles the Fifth stayed for over a week in 1546. His stay was not entirely voluntary, however, as he had meant to pay only a short visit to the Red City. But the Rothenburgers entertained him so royally in the Rathhaus that a nine days' fit of the gout followed, during which time the high and mighty sufferer probably cursed the day in which he entered the gates.



The Rathhaus, built originally in 1240, is one of those complete delights

that leave nothing to sigh for. Rothenburg centers round it. Its Renaissance façade is decorated with masses of flowers and trailing vines in the most overflowing bloom. Up to its high, square tower-top, by winding stair and ladder, climb, three times a week, at half-past eleven in the morning, the choir of St. Jakob's, armed with cornet, dulcimer, shawm, psaltery, sackbut, and all the rest of it. On the stroke of the half-hour, to the north, the east, the south, the west, sound out the trumpets, followed by a verse of an old chorale. The Spectator, standing on the street corner in delighted attention amidst a group of Rothenburgers, noted with an added joy the ceremonious offering of snuff-boxes by one sturdy burgher to another, and



THE STRAFT TOWER

the sneezes of good-fellowship that ensued. No matter if an automobile did chug by in the middle of it all; even gasoline could not spoil the atmosphere of the past.

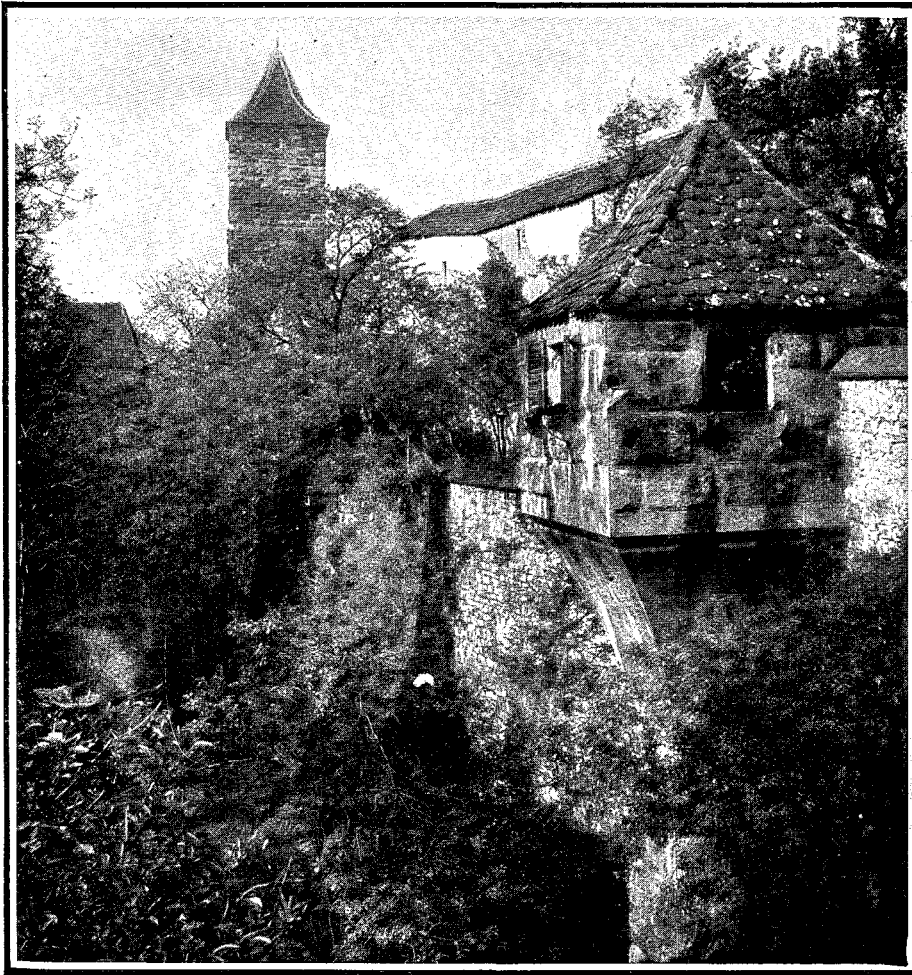


The Rathaus, naturally, is the home of legend and story. The staircase which the choir climb is comparatively new, and thereby hangs a tale. Once, in 1501, a pair of storks built in the top of the tower, and the town watchman, being as much without reverence for them as a modern flat-house janitor, threw down their nest with the young in it. The parent storks thereupon came with lighted straws in their bills and set fire to the tower. The watchman was burned, the stairway fell, the great bell

tumbled, and only the four bare walls of the tower remained. The beautiful old doorway at the foot was, however, uninjured, and eventually the tower was restored and the bell rehung. The storks, in the meantime, left Rothenburg in a body, and did not return for many years. Nowadays it is a high crime in Rothenburg to interfere with them. But they have never tried to raise another family in the Rathaus.



All the towers in Rothenburg are pretty well filled, anyway, and have little room for birds' nests. The old town uses them for its poor, renting their queer little watch-tower rooms to little old women or very aged men. The visitor is thus always sure of an eager welcome



A BIT OF THE OUTER WALL AND MOAT

and a minute and garrulous history of every inch and corner, while a modest fee is highly appreciated. It is rather a good charitable idea, and helps to account, perhaps, for the fact that not a beggar is to be found in the Red City, in all the round of its walls and towers. And such walls and towers! The Spectator spent his days in wandering around and finding new towers all the while, and new views of the old ones. Young German artists of the Munich school were forever setting up their easels in the best places in this happy hunting-ground. The artist and the American have found out Rothenburg, and the former live in dread lest the latter should spoil it. So the painters are distinctly not genial. The Spectator did not blame them, for he remembered the automobiles.



Which tower it was that he reached by the spiral staircase from the little old church, and the secret passage into the walls, the Spectator does not remember. But never did any boy dream of a more romantic scramble. From the tiny gallery of the old frescoed church a secret

door in the paneling, left inadvertently open, led into a dark winding passage, with creaking boards underfoot. The Spectator had left the old custodian waiting in the church porch; he had not the faintest idea whether he was allowed to go on, or where the passage led, but how forego so beckoning a chance? A turn, a rude loophole, and, lo! he was in a gallery within the wall, with a lookout far over the vine-clad slopes of the valley of the Tauber. Bean-poles and kindling-wood were comfortably stored along the gallery walls, where ammunition and stores used to be heaped during those sieges of which Rothenburg stood so many in its stirring history. On and on the Spectator went, the wall turning and winding and fresh views opening, from loophole and buttress here and there, up and down unexpected steps, till a little flight of them at last brought him into another tower, and so out again into the mediæval streets. Fearing his left-behind cicerone might be worried over a lost tourist, the Spectator hurried back through a picturesque arch to the old church, only to find the wrinkled old dame knitting placidly in the sunny doorway, quite ready to wait thus for hours on end. As she had no English and the Spectator little German, their explanation was by gestures. The Spectator swept his arm round and round, in imitation of the spiral staircase, and then round the circuit of the walls. She raised both hands in astonishment, then, receiving her fee with an indulgent smile, hurried into the church to fasten the secret door. The Spectator shrewdly suspects, nevertheless, that it was meant to be left open—at any rate, he is very glad it was.



Wall and tower from outside are, after all, more satisfying. Did the armies that besieged Rothenburg off and on during dozens of mediæval wars, small and great, enjoy its beauty as they camped in grain-field and vineyard, and looked up at its



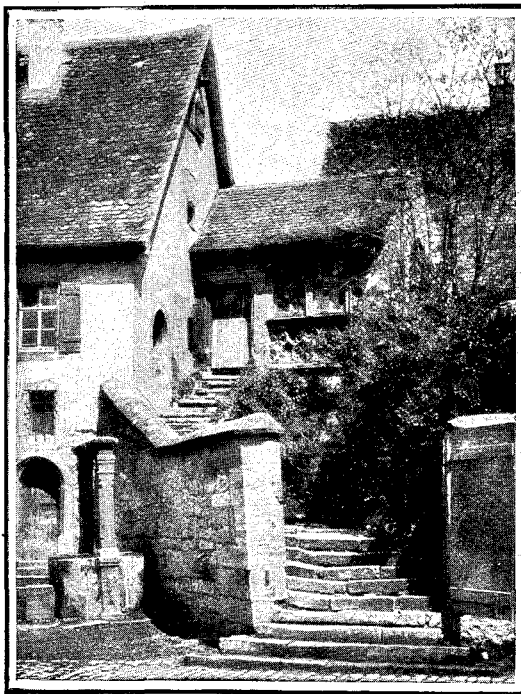
PORTAL OF THE OLD RATHHAUS

ruddy circumvallations? Mediæval Germans must have loved beauty, for they created so much of it; and the Red City, rising from stream and valley, turn after turn, tower after tower, belfry and spire and red-huddled roofs rising behind the walls and between the towers, must have pleased the eye of the roughest warrior. From below the curious old double bridge Tilly and Piccolomini and Turenne have looked up at this city on a hill, this "German Jerusalem" as it used to be called, and laid their plans for its conquest. Every arched gateway has its story and its tragedy, and the inscription on the Spital Gate, "To those that enter, welcome; peace to those that depart," was often a mockery to the hapless ones dragged in or out to their doom. The Spital Thor, with its deep moat and mighty fortifications, was called the "Nightcap Tassel" by all Rothenburg when the Emperor Albrecht the First gave reluctant permission to build it. "Your town looks already like a nightcap," he said, angrily, to the persistent burghers, alluding to its rambling shape; "well, put the tassel on;" and the name clung to the huge tower, with its quadruple pepper-box turrets, ever after.



One thing, however, the Spectator was forced to miss in the Red City—its Festival Play, given twice a year in the Rathhaus to commemorate the "Meister-Trunk" or "Master-Drink," by which Nusch, the ex-burgomaster, saved his town in the day of Tilly's triumph in 1631. Rothenburg had resisted the great captain too well to please him. When the town surrendered at last, Tilly and his staff, followed by a horde of mercenaries, made their entry into the Rathhaus, called before them Senate and Burgomaster, and condemned them all incontinently to death. The executioner was sent for, and meanwhile the victors refreshed themselves with Rothenburg wine—pure, clear, and famous to this day for its excellence.

The cellarer's daughter, trembling, brought in the mighty Pokal, or stirrup-cup, of glass, holding three quarts. The whole staff drank from it in turn, and did not exhaust it. Tilly, struck with its size, and enjoying the generous wine, cried out in ferocious pleasantry, "I will show mercy to all, on condition that one of you empties this full cup at one draught!" No one answered at first. Then Nusch stepped forward, and lifted the brimming Pokal. All watched incredulously, for all believed it impossible to drink the glass dry. Higher and higher the valorous burgher tilted the mighty cup, and hope began to dawn in the Rothenburgers. The last drop of the draught was watched breathlessly by friends and foes alike. "Thy promise?" gasped Nusch, as he actually accomplished the impossible. "It shall be honorably kept!" cried Tilly. On the words, Nusch sank insensible to the floor. For three days he lay between life and death, and his first remark as he recovered was, "I could never save another town!" However, he received a patent of nobility and a pension, and lived to the average pensioner's age—eighty. At Whit-



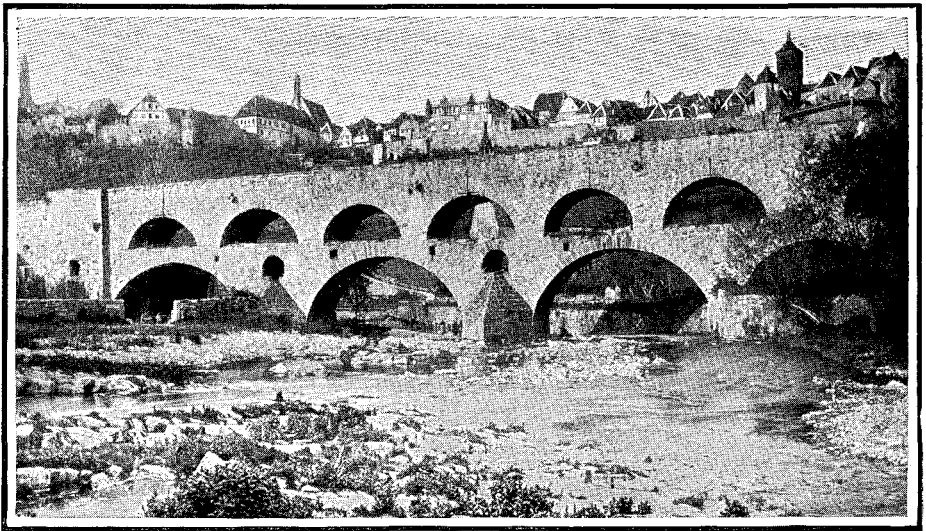
PARSONAGE OF THE TOWN CHURCH

suntide every gate and tower is manned in his honor by halberdiers in costume, while Tilly and his men march through the Spital Thor to the Rathhaus, and the "Meister-Trunk" is enacted over again. The real Pokal is too precious to be used on these occasions. It is preserved at the house where the descendants of Nusch live. The Spectator can testify that it is a most interesting piece of old painted glass, with the Emperor, the seven Electors, and the seven Princes on it, and a lid with the arms of Nusch, and that it holds more than any one man could possibly drink to-day.

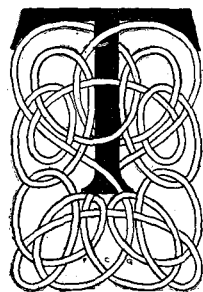
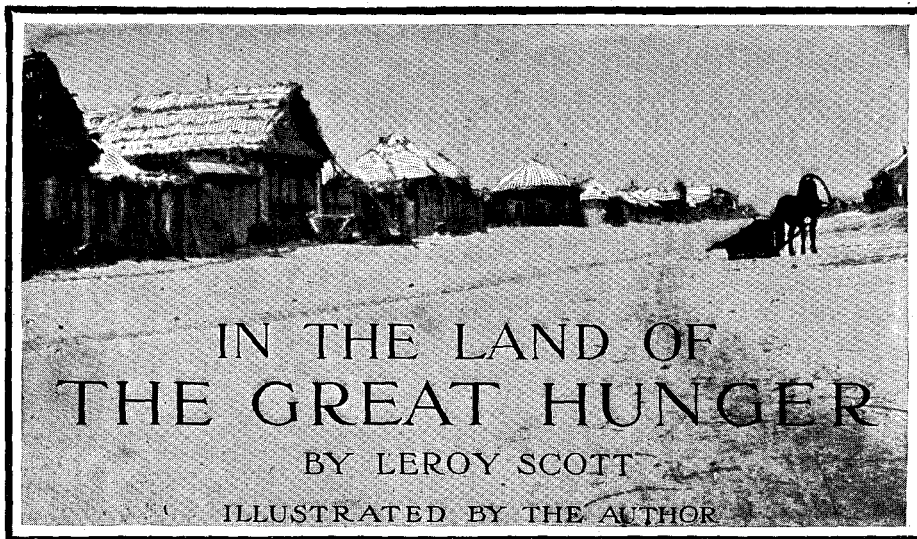


The Spectator had missed the Festival Play by two good weeks. That was not to be helped. But he got some idea of it, nevertheless. One day, coming out of St. Jakob's—the quaintest of old churches, with its picturesque sexton's house, its archaic statues of saints, its pews for men on the one side and women on the other, with a silver name-

plate marking each person's exact place in every pew—he saw a crowd of infantile Rothenburgers besieging a shop window opposite the Rathhaus. There, in the corner, was a pfennig-in-the-slot machine with the festival play in it. The Spectator dropped in the pfennigs, and Tilly and his men, in jointed cardboard, marched across the foreground, gathered in the Rathhaus, drank from the Pokal, and so on. Nusch next appeared and drained the cup, and each small Rothenburger, edging to get a closer view, was loyally enthusiastic. It was not a perfect machine; it joggled and balked at times, and had to be thumped by the oldest small boy; but the Spectator never had more fun out of a few pfennigs in his life, and was only sorry that, for want of more change, he had to leave brave Nusch at last, with the Pokal half drained and the supreme moment suspended in the air, so to speak. May the next good Americans who go to Rothenburg get there at Whitsuntide, and see the real thing!



ANCIENT BRIDGE OVER THE TAUBER



HE Great Hunger that lurks always at Russia's door has entered; and thirty millions of people are gripped in its consuming fangs. And by the time the harvest of 1907 shall have vanquished its gaunt figure, God

alone can guess how many hundreds of thousands of new wooden crosses will widen the peasant graveyards.

We had heard in St. Petersburg and Moscow many stories of the hunger that spreads over a third of European Russia—the worst famine in Russia's history, one of the worst of modern history; and we (Mrs. Scott and I) decided to look upon these stories in the original. Moscow friends advised us to go into Samara, one of the easternmost provinces. Famine was much nearer, but for the advice there was good reason. At this time, in late November, the Government was using every legal and illegal trick, every power of police, church, army, prison, Siberia, to prevent the election of a liberal second Duma; and among the mildest of these methods was the attempt to quarantine the peasant voters against the overwhelming anti-Government feeling of the cities. We were assured that in many provinces we would be strictly

barred from entering the country, and if we did manage to elude authority and enter it we would very likely be arrested and held for days in some verminous jail. But in far-off Samara there were people that would see to our safety and guidance.

After two days and nights of wind-mad, snow-buried steppes, we left the crawling train at Buzuluk, a little town sitting close beside the Asiatic border. Here all was done for us that had been promised; and the next morning, at the first duskiness, we made our start. Our sleigh was a rough-axed affair, with body of woven reeds, and was drawn by three shaggy little post-horses, their brown fur fluffy with frost, their tails and manes great frost plumes. We ourselves were so deeply wrapped in fur on fur that the searching wind could not find us. And so we glided swiftly away—the inner horse trotting, the two outer galloping, the bell in the yoke jangling musically—away through the lifting night, across vast reaches of treeless, unfenced plain, into the region of the Great Hunger.

Not till the sun was burning on the white horizon did the horses stop. We had gained a typical village of the steppes. Along the wide streets straggled thatched huts, built of sun-baked, straw-knit brick, their outside plastered with clay. Beside each hut was a little farmyard, inclosed by a rectangle of outbuild-



RUSSIAN PEASANT MOTHER AND CHILD

ings, their roofs all of straw, their walls either of clay or a wickerwork of twigs. In all the village there were but three wooden houses; timber was to be secured only by laborious dragging from far-placed forests.

At the largest of these wooden houses we had stopped, for before it huddled a crowd of men, women, and children, shrinking deeply into their sheepskin coats, on their faces a gray, hopeless patience. Within was a relief station, conducted jointly by the local Zemstvo and the Red Cross Society, and the crowd were awaiting the daily distribution of food. That took place at twelve; it was now but half-past eight.

We passed through the gate into the farmyard, empty of all life, and thence, halving our height, through a low door into the house. Its wooden walls, its floor of wood instead of clay, its two rooms instead of one, all repeated what had been told us—that it was the house of the richest man of the village. The owner, gray, shaggy, red-bloused, led us through the first room, which a great soup-caldron packed with a blinding steam, into the second room, and seated us on a rough bench in a corner beneath a cheap brass ikon. And as many of the crowd as could enter pressed about us.

We asked our host the blackest of

questions: How had the harvest been? From the two little square windows we could see the white land over which we had galloped; and out toward this the old man swept a gnarled hand.

“Out there lie our fields. We have little land, and much of our small crops goes for taxes. Even when God blesses with harvests, we barely live from one year to the next.

“Two summers ago our fields gave us almost nothing. We thought last winter would end us—that we should never see the spring. The winter took all that we had saved—all! When spring came, we put in our seed, though the earth was dry. We thought, ‘Surely this year God will give us a rich harvest!’ But no rain fell. In some places the grain came up, thin, yellow. In most places it came not up at all.

“We saw ahead another black year. We prayed for rain to save the little that had sprouted, for that little would help keep us alive. Week after week we prayed, but no rain came. All that fell from Easter till the end of harvest, one man could have drunken it! We saw our few sprouts wither. Only here and there did a stalk come into head—and that head was empty. We turned our starving cattle into these best fields to get from them what they could. For the



PEASANT GIRLS AND WOMEN



"THEY FOLLOWED US ABOUT ALL THE WHILE WE WERE IN

rest, our fields were black, dusty. They were like the road. From all our land we took nothing—nothing!"

This was not one man telling the story of the fields of one village. In him thirty millions of people were speaking, and were telling the story of a third of European Russia.

These people were living solely on that which is given them, and this comes from two main sources—from the Government, and from the Red Cross and Zemstvo funds. The Government grants monthly to each person under eighteen and over fifty-nine, forty pounds of flour. All between these ages, and infants under one, get nothing. Other rules bar many families from receiving the Government allowance, and to aid these families is the chief effort of the Red Cross and Zemstvo relief. Daily, in such villages as have Red Cross kitchens, there are given to each child and each old person of these families a pound of black bread and a small portion of soup, made of cabbage and potatoes, strengthened with shreds of meat or a little oil. Again nothing for the adults.

But the adults are not utterly without

food, for the portion of childhood and old age is divided among the workers of the family, and the pound of bread to each becomes half a pound or even less. Now the adult Russian peasant, who lives almost wholly on grain, is accustomed to eating daily five pounds of black bread. Divide your own daily ration by ten and see! And they that have this tenth are the fortunate ones.

I knew that a man could keep alive a short time on half a pound of bread, but how a man—yes, a fifth of a nation—could live from harvest to harvest on no more, that I could not imagine. I put the brutal question to the crowd: "And how will you live till summer?"

Their faces tightened. They did not look at one another—they dared not. And they did not answer—for there was no answer.

The old man raised his eyes to the brass-sheeted Mary of the ikon. He crossed himself.

"God have pity on us!" he whispered.

And then the crowd broke loose and told us each his own details of the story the old man had told us as a whole.



THEIR VILLAGE AND BEGGED US TO SEND THEM BREAD "

And the details were all the same—no bread, a wasting, agonizing hunger. One old woman there was among them, almost shrunken down to mere bone, who cried silently all the while ; and at length we gained her story. There were four in her family, herself and her three grown sons, and upon her pound a day the four were living. Only, she did not divide it into fourths ; she divided it into thirds, and for weeks she had eaten only crumbs.

In this village there were but two words, "hunger" and "bread," the one a moan, the other a prayer ; and in the next village also there were but the same two words. In the third village the priest—his unshorn hair falling about his shoulders, on his breast the three-barred crucifix—led us among the houses of his people. Before entering the first, I looked about the barnyard and the little wicker farm buildings. There was not a head of grain, not a living creature. Beside the cow-shed was a heap of dry weeds, weighted against the wind by a harrow ; nothing else could I see to suggest the harvest.

The house was on the plan of all peas-

ants' houses : a little outer room, used for stores, and an inner room, twelve or fifteen feet square, the ceiling head-high, lighted by two foot-square windows, and a quarter filled by a great brick oven. This, the living-room, was furnished with a bed, a table, two benches, all home-made, and the never-missing ikon in the chief corner, the "red corner," as the peasants call it. On the clean earthen floor was one child, on top of the oven was another, on the bed lay the father, and at the bare table sat the mother and a second woman, the mother's sister—all with the listlessness of exhaustion.

We questioned as to the cause of the man's illness, and were told, "He's just weak." We did not need to be told the cause of his weakness.

"What have you to eat in the house?" we asked the mother.

"Nothing," she said, her listlessness almost seeming indifference.

"Not a single piece of bread?"

"Not a crumb," she said.

"But you have eaten to-day?"

"Yes. We have had part of theirs."

She nodded at the two children.

We asked about the weeds beside the cow-shed, and she told us that when the too-late rain had come, weeds had sprung up over their fields; and these they had carefully gathered, as all the village had done. That heap of weeds was all that their land had yielded them. They had thought these weeds would keep their cow through the winter, but long ago they had sold her, and sold all else. And now they had left only the weeds.

We had heard in Moscow of a strange—strange to us—use the peasants of the hungry villages were making of weeds; and we questioned her further.

"Yes, we have done that," she said. "But the bread we got from the seed of the weeds, it made us all sick."

We went from the dusky room out into the street's blinding light, and our eyes were blinded not only by the sun. In the street had gathered a great crowd, in coats of sheepskin and of patched and repatched homespun; and since we were obviously from that vague, beyond-their-village world to which their voices could not reach, from which alone could come help, they followed us about all the while we were in their village and begged us to send them bread.

In the next home conditions were much as in the first—and in the next,

and the next, and the next. Nowhere was there as much as a pound of bread for a person. And then we came into a house where lived a family of five—a father and mother in the forties, two sons, one nineteen and the other twenty-two, and a daughter of thirteen. Of these five the Government's regulations gave aid to but one—the girl. But her monthly portion, given on the first, had long ago been eaten. We asked on what they were now living; and they told us that each day the girl went forth to beg from their neighbors—such fortunate neighbors as out of a family of five received aid for three, or for six out of ten.

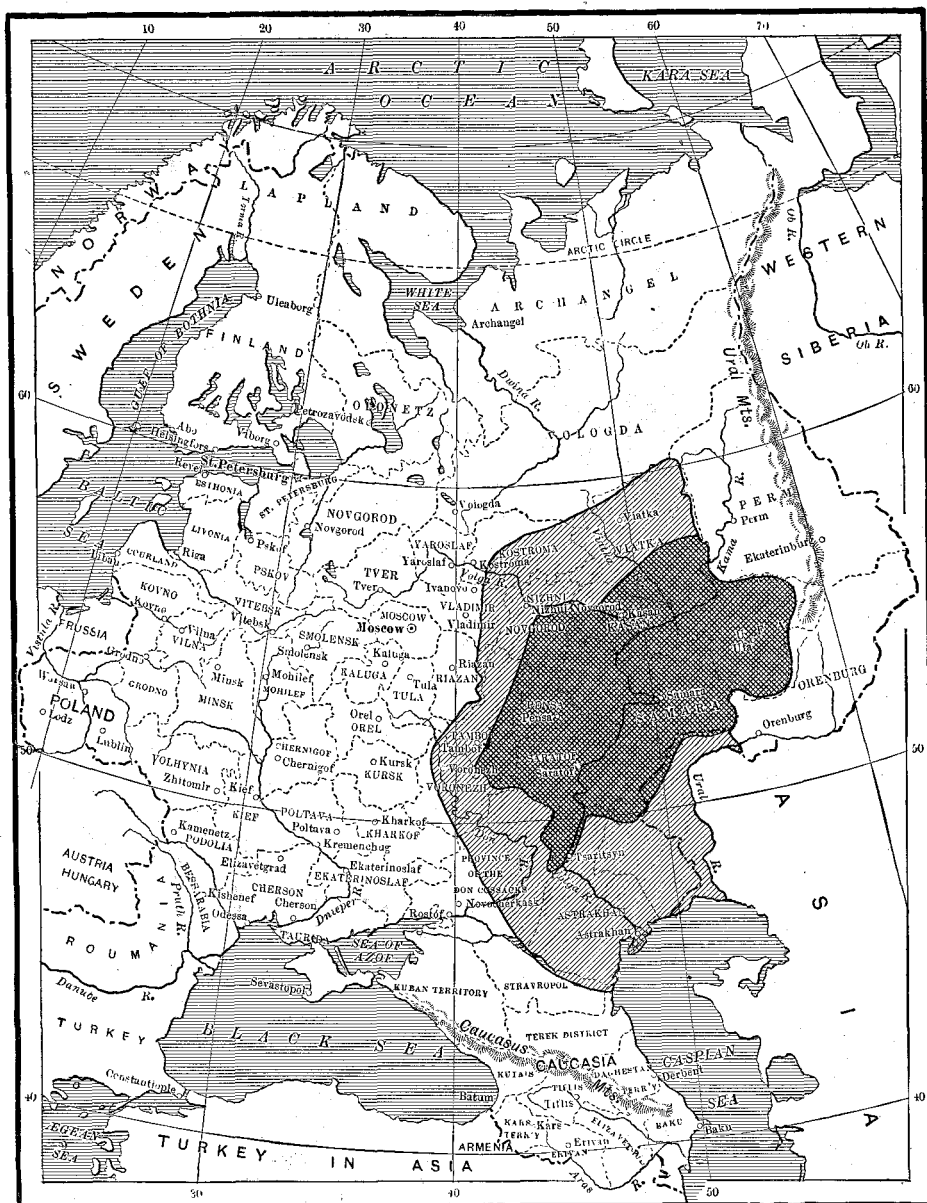
"And they give to you?" I marveled.

They did. Some a bite of bread, some a bit of potato from their Red Cross soup. And these little fragments she carried home.

That a famishing people could divide with those not of their kin the little on which they starved—this we could hardly believe. It was the first time we had met the fact. But the priest told us that several families in his village were living on this charity of starvation—and afterward we met the fact over and over again. Sympathy and generosity, these are at the foundation of the Russian peasant.



A TYPICAL CLAY HOUSE IN A PEASANT VILLAGE



THE EXTENT OF THE FAMINE

The darker shading shows the area of most complete destitution. In the lighter area conditions are not quite so bad, but still serious. There have also been crop failures and great hardships outside the indicated regions

Out in the street again, we paused amid the attending crowd. Surely these idle hands could do something to feed this awful hunger! "Why don't you go to the cities and seek work in the factories?" we asked of the men. "Earn money there, send it home, and save yourselves and your people!"

"Many of us have already tried to do that," they replied. "But at the factories there was no work. Every one said to us 'No.'"

"But try again!" we insisted.

"Yes, but where shall we find factories that will have us?"

Where indeed! Factories are com-



PART OF A CROWD GATHERED BEFORE A RED CROSS KITCHEN FOR THEIR DAILY ALLOWANCE OF BLACK BREAD AND CABBAGE SOUP

paratively few in Russia, and those few were in other parts, distant long journeys on the railway—and the nearest railway was forty versts away from this village. And other starving villages, as I knew, had no railway within a hundred or five hundred versts.

"And the money for the trains?" they continued. "And for our food on the journey, and while we search? Here in the village we have barely anything to eat, but when we leave the village we shall have nothing at all. Tell us—where shall we get the money?"

"Can't you sell something?" we cried in desperation.

And they said, "Already we have sold all."

Yes, they had sold all! There was not another word left us, and we turned away. They were right; for them there was nothing but to remain in their village—to starve, and see their people starve.

We went through barnyard after barnyard. All were utterly empty—save in one here and there we found the barely vital framework of a dwarfish horse or cow. And through house after house; and if for the contents of most houses I had paid a dollar, I should have been giving charity. Yes, they had sold all! Their horses they had sold, some to neighboring Tartars, also starving, who ate horseflesh, but most to hide dealers, who bought merely for the skins. Three dollars apiece was the price. Their fleshless cattle they had sold at a similar rate. Their sheep had gone for fifty cents and a dollar, and some had been exchanged for half their weight in flour. The peasants had sold this meat instead of eating it, because they are almost wholly vegetarians. Black bread—that is the only food. And they sold not only because there was nothing on which they could live, but because there was nothing on which the stock could live. It had to be sold, or lost entirely.

And they had sold not only the present. They were selling the future—offering any bargain that would gain them bread. Many had sold to landlords and a few richer peasants, for immediate cash, their labor for the next summer at a third the usual rate. Some were renting their

land, cash down of course, for the next year at a tenth and a fifteenth of its regular rental. And some were selling their next year's crop from their land: bargaining to plow their fields, sow them with their own seed, tend, harvest, and deliver the crop to the buyer, all for a dollar an acre. These men did not think of what monstrous usury they were begging to pay; they did not think of how, horseless and without a kopek toward a horse's price, they could plow their fields, nor of the new crisis they would face in the autumn, even if the harvest were good. They thought only of how they might get through the day and get through the morrow.

As it was in this village, so was it in thousands of others. And in one, a Tartar village in the neighboring province of Kazan, the stripped people had been driven into yet another variety of despair-bargain. An enterprising buyer of women for the brothels of Constantinople came into the village, selected what pleased him and made his offer. The peasants had nothing else; they were hunger-mad—and when the dealer went away he took with him the eight most beautiful girls of the village. For them he had paid from fifty to seventy-five dollars apiece—prices that Constantinople would richly multiply. Very likely this dealer, or his brethren, have been buying for their market in other villages, for the opportunity is too rare a one for their business acumen to miss. But this I do not know.

Yes, the village we saw has sold its all—all but its daughters. As we clambered into our sleigh to leave, the crowd pressed about us—men, women, children—famine-eaten, blackly despairing, yet newly hopeful. To them, as I have said, we represented the far-off outside world from which might come help. All God's blessing upon us!—would we not have pity and send them bread? The men stood with bared heads; some of the women were crying, some even kneeling in the snow. And as we drove away their voices went up, sobbing frantically, prayerful, in a last appeal.

"Do not forget us!" they cried. "Do not forget the hungry ones!"

Our galloping horses swept us over a



A VILLAGE PATRIARCH

vast stretch of land, treeless to the end of the eye's reach, and as flat as a frozen lake. Here and there were weeds, richly plumed with snow, that had escaped the peasants' gleanings; these alone relieved the flat whiteness that went on and on till it entered the grayish blue of the horizon. As we glided along, my mind ran back to questions I had asked about the quality of the Government's flour and the answer that had been given me. The flour was most infamously adulterated—with earth, with every costless alloy known to commissarial thieves. It often had no more than fifty per cent. of the proper nutritive value. So the half-pound of bread was really but a quarter.

This we had been told elsewhere again and again. It is notorious throughout Russia that the famine fund is a rich source of "graft" to those who have control of its expenditure. Officials, contractors, sub-contractors, all dip in their hands, and dip deeply. The officials get their share by awarding contracts to the highest briber, the briber his by delivering rotten flour. Or the two establish an underground partnership, which is usually conducted on this plan: The official arranges with the contractor to deliver to a certain district, say, a million poods of flour (a pood is forty pounds) for a million and a half of rubles. The contractor sends half a million poods of flour, and mixed with it half a million poods of some adulterant, and there is a matter of several hundred thousand rubles to be divided between the partners—of which the smaller share goes not to the official. And the show-girls and champagne dealers of Paris are the happier, even if the peasants are not.

The Government, until the last few weeks, has done nothing to stop this robbery of famine bread—not charity bread, if you please, for it is the peasants' own, paid for by their taxes. But recently the frauds have roused so tremendous a scandal that the Government could no longer refrain from taking notice. A commission was appointed to investigate. The guilty, with indignant virtue, threw blame upon others; the systemless business methods of an irresponsible bureaucracy made proof and conviction impos-

sible, and the situation remains practically what it was before. The Government has no time for such matters—has no time to govern; has time and energy only to try to crush, by every manner of relentless violence, the growing spirit of liberty.

The Government's favorite method of remedying an evil condition is to deny the condition's existence. What is cheaper and easier?—and what better calculated to keep Russia's borrowing power strong among the nations? During the terrible famine of 1891, much less terrible than this year's, one means the Government took to relieve the situation was to forbid the use of the word "hunger." A heavy penalty was attached to its use, being in the case of newspapers suspension on the third occurrence of the word. Close your eyes, and there is no evil! This year the Government has recognized the existence of the famine by its grant to the starving districts of sixty-five million dollars—far, far too little—and even admits that greater hunger Russia never knew. But, after all, says officialdom, no one is suffering; everybody will pull through nicely. And the peasants' daily half pound continues to be half earth.

The latter part of the journey to the next village was lighted only by the moon, in a double halo of incandescent gold and pink. In this village also the priest led us among his people, and here also there was nothing. The first house sheltered sixteen people—twelve adults and four children. In the "red" corner, the light of a tiny hanging lamp in her wasted face, sat a young mother with a baby in her arms. The baby, as were the other children, was thin, white; and was weakly suckling at a shriveled breast. We asked the mother how much food the house received. It seemed an effort for her even to raise her eyes, and her voice was a meager whisper. "For three," she said.

Three pounds for sixteen people—a fifth of a pound apiece. No wonder the empty breast!

In the next house we found an old mother, her unmarried daughter, a daughter-in-law, and the latter's child. The young husband had set forth into the

unknown two months before to seek work, and no word had come from him—for a postage stamp is the price of a pound of bread. In the autumn the father, who was seventy, had begun to go to other villages to beg. There had been a horse then, and the old man had ridden, but it had long since been sold. Three weeks before, he had set out for a region in which rumor said there had been a harvest. When he came back he would bring them the pieces of bread—if any there were—that he had not eaten on the way. That would not be before a month or six weeks—for the journey was long, and the weather was cold and snowy, and he was old.

In the next house also the father had gone away to beg and the son to look for work. From the low ceiling of the little room hung a cradle, over which leaned a shrunken grandmother and a young woman who may have been fresh and pretty before the hunger had eaten her away. The poor child was burning with fever, and its face was almost hidden beneath scrofulous scabs. We asked the two watchers if it had had any medical attention. It had, and the grandmother, her wrinkles running with silent tears, told us how the aid had been gained. A week before, frightened at the child's condition, she and her daughter had bundled it up and set out in their sledge for the nearest doctor, fifty versts away. Their horse was so weak that

it was constantly falling. The daughter had to get out and lead it; but it still fell, and the grandmother had to take the other bit. A fierce snow-storm came on, then darkness; they could hardly stand for weakness; they were almost frozen; but fear for the child would not let them stop. And so these two starved women, holding up a starved horse, tramped on and on through the bitter, snow-blinding night.

The old woman stopped and covered her face, and her thin body shook. After a moment we asked, "And you finally got there?"

"Yes."

We gazed at their wasted figures. "How?" we marveled.

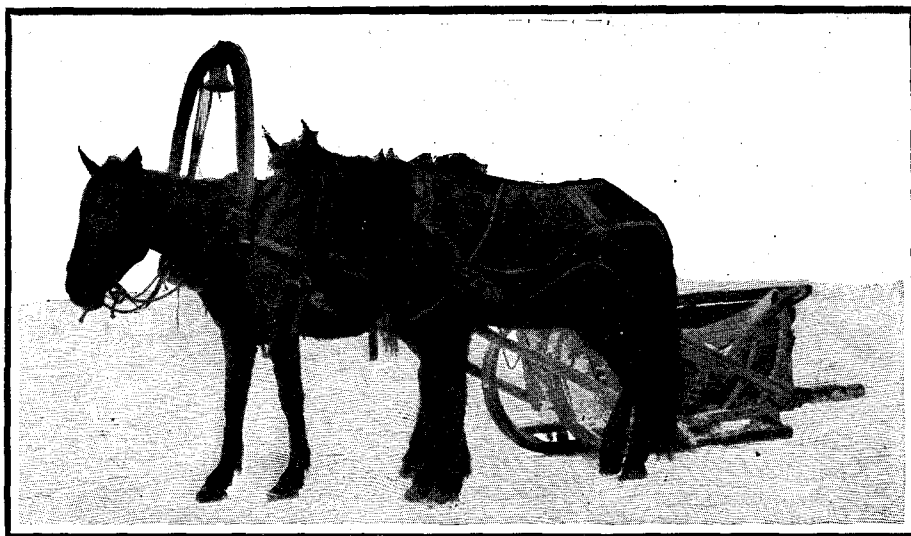
"We got there on our tears," she said.

And thus the stories of the village went on. Out of the seven hundred families, the priest told us, only nine had a thing of their own to eat.

That night we slept in the priest's house. We were to have made another before-day start, but our sleigh was late in coming. When we were bundled in and on the way, we asked our driver the reason for the lateness. He told us that, hours before, he had begun to look for new horses (our three of the day before had been sent back to their post station), and not till a few minutes since had he been able to collect two that could do more than merely stand upon their feet. And this in a village which



THEY MAY NOT LOOK HUNGRY, BUT THEY ARE



THE BEST HORSES IN THE VILLAGE

ordinarily had a thousand horses! This best pair of the place that we had were merely bonework and skin, with lassitude for energy. As they tottered across the steppe, rarely venturing into a trot, I felt that we, too, should be at their heads supporting them along their journey.

At the next village we got a slightly better pair, and drove on through the swirling snow. Presently we saw coming toward us along the faintly marked road two black figures, which the decreasing distance developed into little girls, apparently about nine and eleven. Both wore sheepskin coats, shawls over their heads, and on their feet a kind of slipper made of loose-woven flax. Over her shoulder the elder of the two carried a coarse linen bag.

We stopped and questioned them. They were of a type that the chronic hunger has made common, and to which it has given a name—"crumb-collectors," or, more literally, "crumbers." They lived in the village in which we had passed the night, and their home was as all other homes. Two days before they had gone out to beg pieces of bread, and they were now homeward bound with their charity. At our request the older girl opened her bag, and we saw a score or more of scraps of bread, none larger than two fingers—all the alms of starving people. Most were bits of the common peasant bread, but among them were

many pieces that looked never to have grown on stalk of wheat or rye. I picked up one of these pieces. It was hard and black and gritty; looked like a piece of asphalt picked from a broken pavement. I knew its material, for I had met such bread before. It was made from the seed of wild grasses and weeds. The chief weed is called *agrostemma githago*: I give its name for the sake of the scientific.

"But how can you eat such bread?" we asked.

"We soak it in water. Then it's good," the older girl answered.

We told them good-by, these two little "crumbers," and they plodded off in their flag shoes, bending low against the cold wind. And here let me say that weed bread is not the only substitute for bread in the starving regions. The screenings of the threshed wheat and rye, composed of shriveled grains, chaff, seed of weeds, and dirt, usually the portion of chickens and cattle, is being eaten where it can be had. In parts where the oak grows, acorns are ground into flour, and from this is made a bitter bread, the loaves as solid and heavy as bricks. Straw is ground into flour, and bark, particularly of the oak, is powdered, and these are mixed with rye flour in the proportion of half and half; and thereby the stomach is distended, even if it is not fed.

We drove through village after village, and in all we heard from starving lips the same breadless story. Nowhere did more than two per cent. have any food save what was given, them. At length we came into a village where the women gazed covertly at us from behind veils, and where, instead of a cross on the church steeple, there was a crescent, and we knew we were in a village of the Tartars. Here the old mullah, in a dark-green, priestly robe and white turban, led us about, half the males of the village at our heels. He took us first to his church, which, after leaving our shoes at the door, we entered in our stocking feet. Half a dozen turbaned old men were squatting on the floor in evening prayer, but otherwise this house of Allah was absolutely empty; a dollar would have covered its contents. Next the mullah took us into the little school-house, cold, and also utterly bare. No school was for the children this winter, for this village of two thousand souls had not the fifteen dollars for the teacher's yearly salary. And then the mullah took us into the clay houses of his people.

As we entered the first—its one living-room was about eight feet square, and was half filled by a raised wooden platform, which is the sole furnishing of the houses of most Tartar peasants—a woman seized something in her arms and dashed by us out into the snowy cold. The priest called to her reassuringly, and, face covered, she slipped back among us. That which was in her arms was a year-old child, as bare as at birth. We asked what food she had, and she answered by setting her all before us—an iron dish holding a single clean bone and a thin layer of grease.

In the next house lived seven, of whom three received the Government grant. When their portions for this month had come, a family that received no aid had borrowed half the grant on promise of its early repayment. But the family had not been able to repay, and now the seven had not one grain of flour, nor chance of any for two weeks to come. They seemed too worn away to feel either hope or despair.

We passed one house, larger and

better-looking than those about it, from whose two windows four dark-skinned, black-haired, beautiful children were watching us. I thought, "Here is something different—a relief from this awful blackness." And so we entered. In the house were bare boards and bare earth. Of the four children, two boys squatted on their dusky bare legs in Oriental fashion, in nothing but the last rags of shirts that ended at the waist; and two girls, of seven and ten, huddled, bare-legged, in a corner, the younger in a dress of slitted rags, the older in rags that fortunately held together. These tatters of calico were their best clothes, their father told us; for two empty years he had been able to buy them nothing. Yes, they were going to eat to-day—their first food since two days before, when they had divided a few bites of bread. We asked to see what the coming meal might be. The father called into the second room, which custom forbade my entering, for the wife was there. We gazed through the door and waited. After a moment a dusky hand pushed into view, along the clay floor, an earthen pot. We looked into it, and quickly turned away. In it were the entrails of a horse.

We asked, when we were again in the street, if there was no one in the village who had food of his own. Yes, one. Allah had been good to this man. His land had given him back a third of the seed he had put into it. With this and what the Government allowed him he had enough. The mullah pointed him out to us amid the following crowd. He seemed the marked man of the village. His fortune had rechristened him; they referred to him as "The man that is not hungry."

House after house was as those described. As we walked on down the street the mullah motioned to either row of bordering huts. "All—all are so!" he said. And the tears dripped down his wrinkled face to the snow.

If they were so now, what would they be like by spring? I put the question to the mullah.

He hid his face in his hands. All his body quivered. When his hands fell, his face was streaming.

"Ah! I don't dare think of it," he whispered. "Only Allah knows!"

Yes, only Allah knows. But man can make a near guess. And when I think upon what is before this village and the other villages we visited, and the thousands of villages we did not see, I can scarcely write. The Government fund, even if put in honest flour, is not enough to carry them all through, even as live specters. Reliable private relief societies state that five dollars will save a life, but they cannot get five dollars in sufficient quantities; for all Russia is poverty-stricken, tax-stricken, government-stricken. There is not enough—not half enough!

The people now have still a little of the strength of summer, a little of the strength given by the sale of their cattle. But this strength is fast fading. Scurvy and spotted typhus have already appeared, and, as the peasants' physical resistance lessens, will spread as plagues; and with them will come every other disease that attends an exhausted body. A man at the front of the relief work in the province of Samara, where conditions are at the very worst, said to me, "In 1891, in this province, the famine carried away sixty thousand persons. This year the famine is much worse and the aid is much less. We shall be fortunate if of our three million we lose no more than

two hundred thousand." And there is famine in twenty-six other provinces. No wonder the mullah dared not think!

We had no words to brighten those things the mullah dared not think upon, so we gave him a silent good-by. At the next village we got stout post-horses again—three of them. Forty versts, galloped through blackness and a stabling snow—over vast silent plains—through sleeping villages whose dogs yelped after us like wolf-packs; then two days on a creeping train; then Moscow again, where I write this—and our cross-section of the Russian famine was over.

But it was not over—never can be over; for I have witnessed scenes that can never be forgotten. As I write these last lines the scenes flash back upon my mind as lantern pictures on a screen: breadless houses, and silent, empty barnyards; the weeping old mullah, daring not to look upon the spring of his people; babies suckling vainly at shriveled breasts, inexorably dry; little "crumbers" in shoes of braided flags, bending away against the wind with their poisonous bread; two wasted women holding up a staggering horse throughout an agonizing night; half a village, despairing, hopeful, many sobbing, some prayerfully bowed in the snow, crying out:

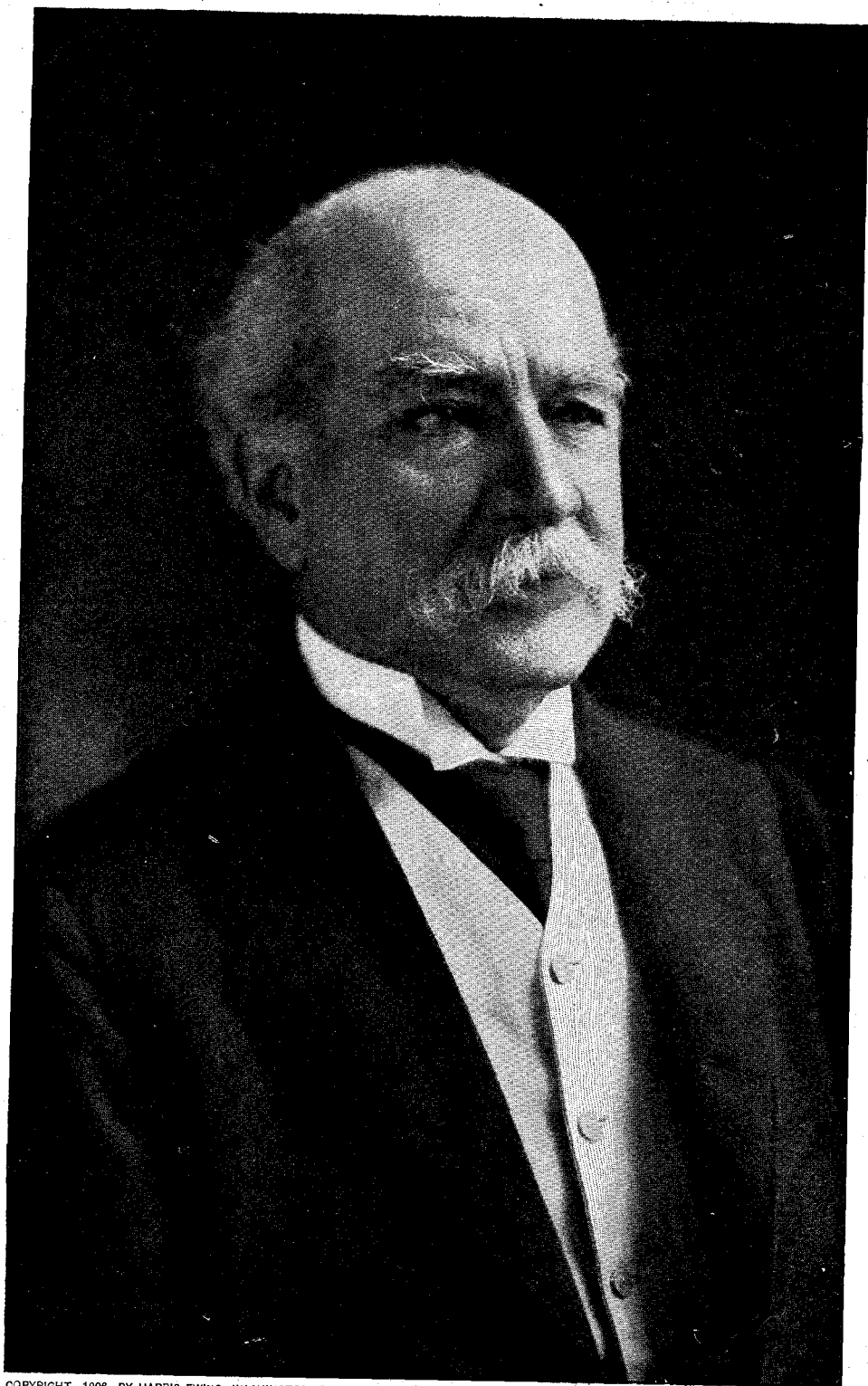
"Do not forget us! Do not forget the hungry ones!"

"AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM"

BY LAURA MARQUAND WALKER

O childish heart, awake to sudden pain
To find that human which seemed all divine,
Yet steadfast looking from thy loving eyes
And folding in your little hands to mine:
I, who was given thee, with great behest,
To lift and guide thy feet through night and day,
Find thee, instead, helping to bear my load,
Yet singing and rejoicing all the way.

Thus childhood with its fearlessness and faith,
Filled full of Heaven whence it lately came,
Takes note that we are mortal, but speeds on
Bearing a torch topped with Celestial Flame,

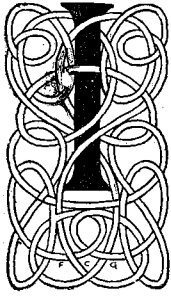


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ETHAN ALLEN HITCHCOCK
Secretary of the Interior

PUNISHING THE LAND-LOOTERS

BY HENRY S. BROWN

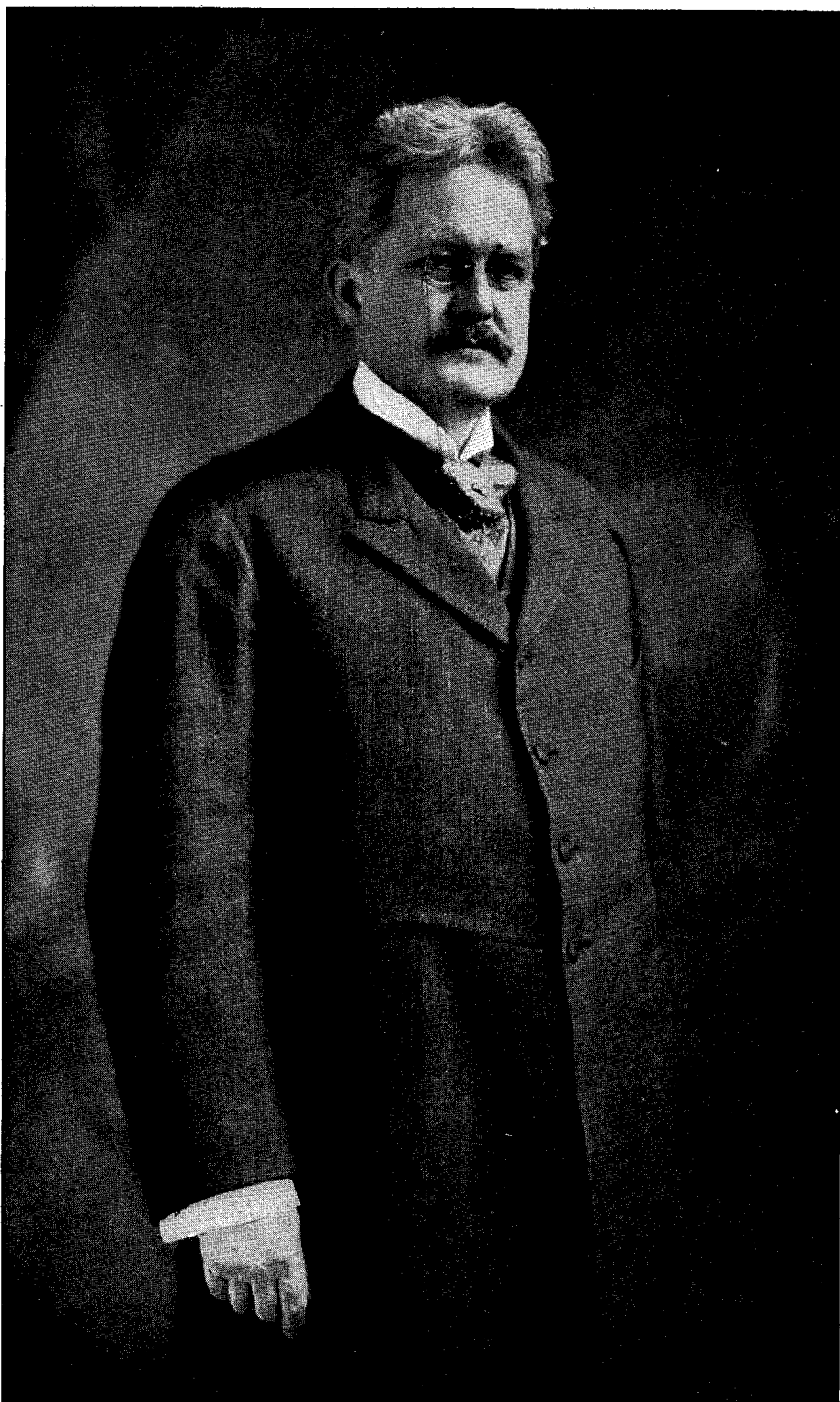


It has seldom fallen to the lot of a man who has reached the age allotted by the Psalmist, of threescore years and ten, to accomplish the work that Ethan Allen Hitchcock will have to his credit when he relinquishes the portfolio of the Interior Department on March 4, 1907. He has exposed a class of offenses against the Government and the people of the United States which in magnitude dwarfs all of the infamous operations of "rings" that have periodically startled the country. In the number of persons involved the frauds against the Public Domain exceed those in the Post-Office scandals, the Star Route frauds, the Whisky Ring abominations, and the Crédit Mobilier affair combined. Including timber depredations, the indictments number 1,021, and the convictions 126. In the value of money concerned, the size of the stake for which the land operators were planning surpasses anything except that of the flotation of a billion-dollar corporation in Wall Street. An estimate has been made by Senator La Follette, of Wisconsin, that the Secretary of the Interior and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Mr. Francis E. Leupp, in safeguarding the oil and coal lands of the Indians of the Five Civilized Tribes, were protecting property on which were coal measures worth at least one billion of dollars. In urging the withdrawal from entry of 64,000,000 acres of coal and other mineral lands he has protected, for the public, fuel and other valuable commodities the value of which cannot be estimated, but which will certainly equal the wealth of any one of the highly

cultivated States of the Middle West. In exposing the theft, under color of the law, of timber, agricultural, and grazing lands, he has succeeded in setting under way suits for the restoration of property valued at many millions.

When Secretary Hitchcock started on this work, he was already sixty-eight years old. He is now in his seventy-second year. A clever system of collusion, espionage, influence, forgery, bribery, and falsification of records had concealed from him the true facts for several years, just as it had deceived several of his predecessors. This system had extended to the very Department itself. The head of the Land Office in Washington, the man upon whom the Secretary had to rely for all matters of administration, was himself in the conspiracy. Scores of local agents of the Department were in collusion. Senators and Representatives were in sympathy with the system. Governors, judges, prosecuting officers, bank presidents, lawyers, and in fact representative men of every class, were favorable to the most liberal interpretation of the land laws. Viewed in the light of three years' disclosures, such interpretations meant that the laws should be evaded; that hundreds of thousands of acres intended for homesteaders should be turned over to speculators; that the superb forests of the Pacific coast should go, not to the men whom the law recognized as having a claim, but to lumber companies; that the mineral lands should pass into the control of corporations and railways.

The "lid" began to come off the General Land Office in Washington in the very last days of December, 1902. One morning, with some correspondence before him, the Secretary telephoned across F Street to the old Post-Office



PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRIS-EWING, WASHINGTON

FRANCIS E. LEUPP
Commissioner of Indian Affairs

building, in which the General Land Office is situated, and requested Mr. Binger Hermann, the Commissioner, to favor him with the report made on land frauds by J. S. Holsinger, a special agent of the Department, located at the time in Phoenix, Arizona. It is easily conceivable that this order created consternation in the mind of Mr. Hermann. The request meant that there had been a leak in the system, and that the Secretary knew of the gigantic steal of public lands which Mr. Hermann had been industriously covering. Mr. Hermann appeared in a few minutes with the report. The Secretary glanced at it. It bore the date of Phoenix, Arizona, November 12, 1902. On the back was the stamp of the General Land Office, showing that it had been received November 18, 1902. It was now very near the end of December. The report had, therefore, been in the hands of the Commissioner for nearly six weeks.

The Secretary looked over the report. It showed that very prominent and wealthy men had been engaged in frauds against the Government which involved hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of its choicest lands.

"Mr. Hermann," said the Secretary, a few days later, "can you give me any explanation as to why you have never called my attention to this important matter?"

Mr. Hermann hemmed and hawed and stammered, but he did not give a satisfactory explanation.

"Well, Mr. Hermann, by the direction of the President, I must ask you for your resignation."

Mr. Hermann was visibly agitated. He refused to believe the Secretary was in earnest. He blustered, and demanded to know why he was required to resign. The Secretary merely tapped the Holsinger report—the reason was there. Now, Mr. Hermann was a very powerful man in the Republican party in the public lands States. He had been a member of both branches of the Oregon Legislature, a deputy collector of internal revenue, a receiver of public moneys at a land office, Judge Advocate of the Oregon militia, and a member of Congress for six terms. He also had been

the head of the Land Office for six years. Naturally, political influences rushed to the protection of Mr. Hermann. Senators and Representatives sought to have the Secretary change his mind. It was the Secretary's first tussle with the political power of the men interested in the grand scheme of pirating the public domain. If he had weakened then, this article would not have been written. But, with the hearty support of the President, he "stood off" the friends of the dismissed Commissioner of the Land Office; and, vowing revenge and demanding a vindication, Mr. Hermann left office February 1, 1903. Here what appears to have been a mistake in tactics was made. If Mr. Hermann had been summarily ejected from the office the very day the Secretary became convinced that he was disloyal to the Government, the Secretary's task might have been simpler. Appeals were made to let him remain a month, and granted. During the month, it is charged, he ordered destroyed thirty-four letter-press books containing thousands of letters and documents relating to these very land frauds that were yet to be uncovered.

To Oregon Mr. Hermann went for his vindication. Thomas H. Tongue, a member of Congress, had just died. Mr. Hermann became a candidate for election to the place. During the campaign his political opponents appealed to the President and to the Secretary of the Interior for a statement as to the offenses for which Mr. Hermann had been dismissed. This was refused. Had it been given, it would have resulted in many persons escaping punishment, and in serious damage to others of the Government's criminal prosecutions. So while Mr. Hermann was seeking his vindication, which came when he was elected by 2,271 plurality, agents of the Interior Department were also in Oregon preparing evidence for the indictment of Mr. Hermann and many of his associates, some of them more prominent and influential than he.

The Secretary was now fairly started on a work that was to try him as few men have been tried. He knew that his fair-weather days were over, and that until he finished his task or laid it down

he would know nothing but stress and storm. With the removal of Mr. Hermann interests with influence reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific flew to arms. They sought to drag the Secretary down. Stories were spread that he was about to be removed from office for incompetency; that he was making a "bluff" about the land frauds in order to impress his chief, the President, and hold on a little longer. Human ingenuity was taxed at invention of vexatious reports and misleading attacks. But the Secretary merely bided his time, used every recourse of which he could avail himself to get at the bottom of the frauds, and scoured the country for information and evidence. He even remained silent under the reports that he was soon to leave the Cabinet, and when it became necessary to throw some frightened culprit off his guard he caused to be published reports minimizing the extent of the alleged depredations. But the time was coming when he would strike, and strike hard.

The land frauds were all based upon an apparent compliance with the law, and those who engineered them were familiar with the intricacies of the various statutes. A very brief statement of the working of these laws will enable the reader more easily to grasp what happened when the Secretary began to act. There are three important acts of Congress relating to lands which enter into the question—the Homestead Act, the Desert Land Act, and the Timber and Stone Act.

The Homestead Act allows a prospective settler to take up a quarter-section, 160 acres of land, and perfect his title to it by five years' actual residence, when the land is given to him and the title perfected. There is a commutation clause which permits the settler to purchase the land after fourteen months' residence. This commutation clause was adopted because it was claimed that it would enable the settler in need of money for improvements to borrow on his land. It really enables speculators and others to use innumerable human tools to concentrate many holdings in the hands of one owner.

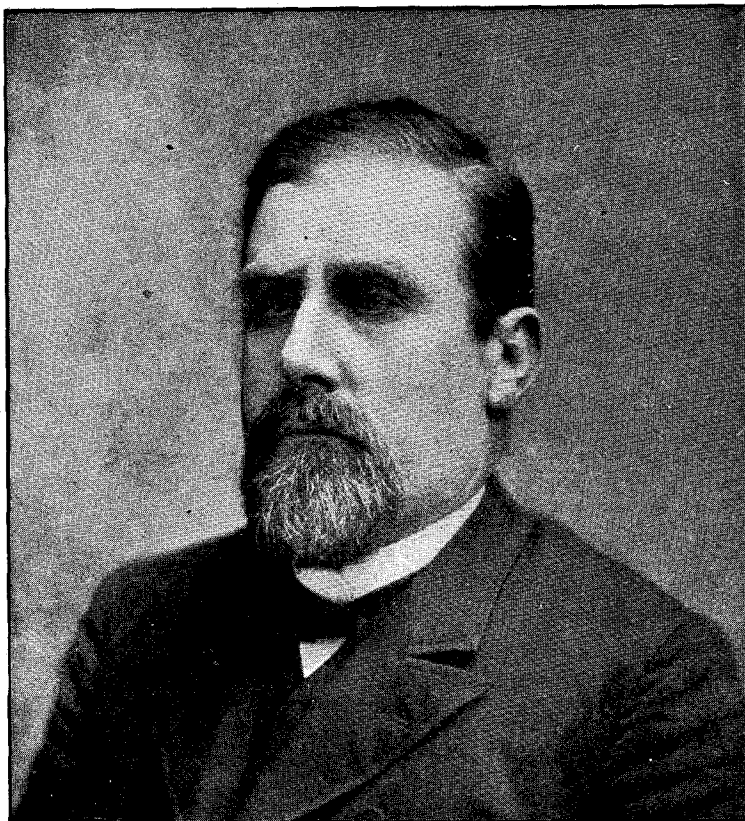
The Desert Land Act permitted, until

1891, any settler to take up 640 acres of semi-arid land which might be susceptible of irrigation, and purchase it for \$1.25 an acre. This amount was cut to 320 acres in 1891, but the law permitted the assignment of the original entries, and the working of the law was much the same as the Homestead Act.

The Timber and Stone Act provided that application should be made by a citizen to the nearest land office for 160 acres of valuable timber and stone land. After an advertisement had been made for sixty days, proof that the land was really what it was represented to be was offered, and title followed upon the payment of \$2.50 an acre—a small fraction of the actual value of such land. This also worked to concentrate holdings.

In addition to these were one or two other laws that figured in the work of despoiling the public domain. One was a provision that any person who had land within a forest reserve of the United States might, on furnishing proof, exchange this land for agricultural or other valuable land owned by the United States outside the limits of the forest reserve. Another was what was known as the Kinkaid Law of 1904, under which persons in western and northwestern Nebraska might take up, instead of 320 acres under the Desert Land Act or 160 acres under the Homestead Act, a full section of 640 acres. Of both of these laws we shall hear more as we proceed with the narrative.

The point from which Mr. Hitchcock started was that indicated in the Holsinger report. The report dealt with matters which had come to the attention of the special agent of the Department through the dissatisfaction of one of the men who had been employed by the most important of the land sharks. It showed that John A. Benson, Frederick A. Hyde, and Henry P. Dimond, of San Francisco, had been engaged in a scheme by which they had been regularly getting possession of fraudulent titles of school lands in the States of California and Oregon, which had been included in the forest reserve of the United States, and were exchanging these fraudulent and worthless titles for desirable public lands elsewhere. These frauds, beginning on



PHOTOGRAPH BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON

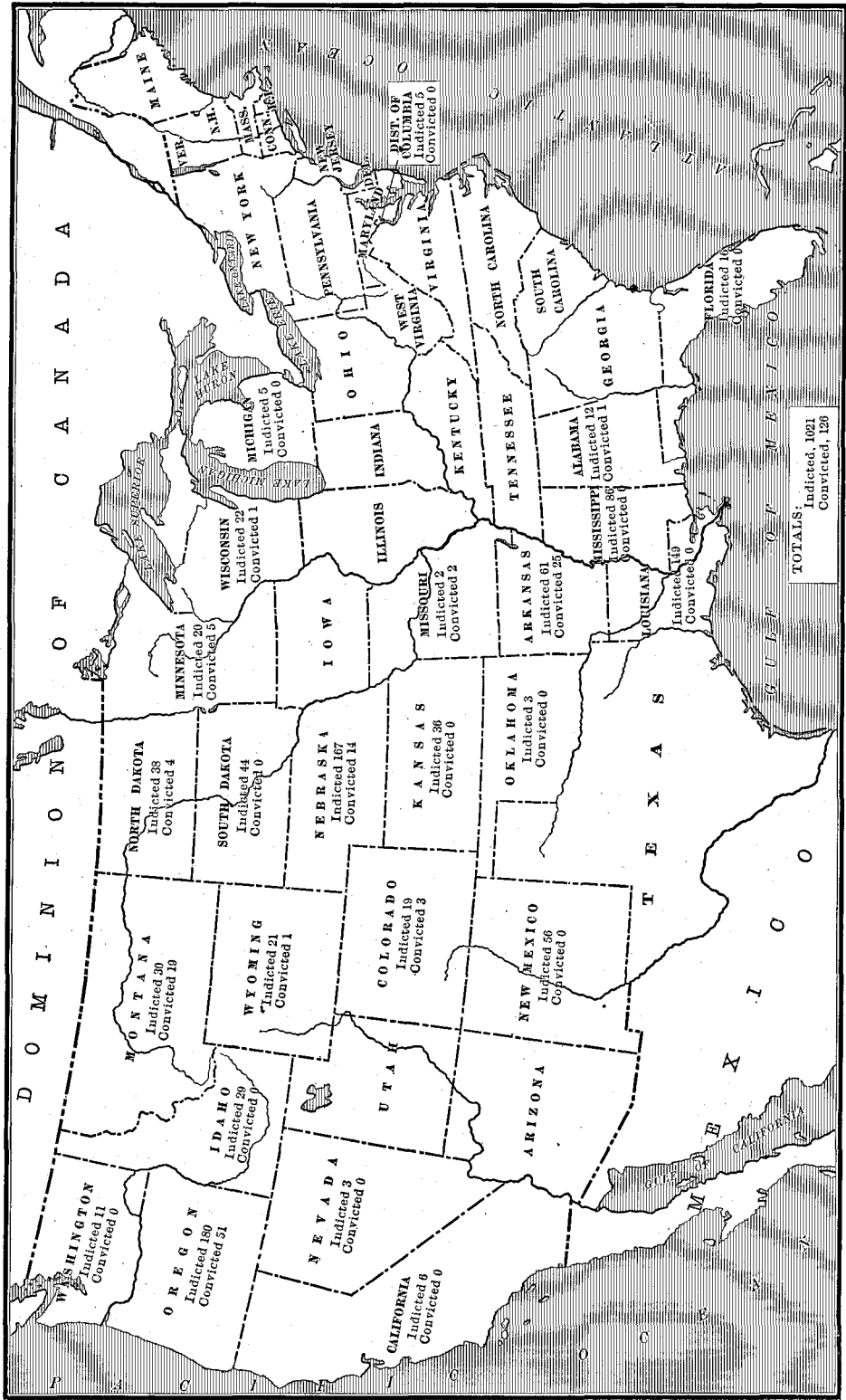
BINGER HERMANN

the Pacific coast, extended to most of the public land States in the West. The Government had already been despoiled of some 40,000 acres, but the plans of the syndicate then under way included millions of acres.

There were numerous signs of great activity in the entire West for the absorption of public lands in an illegal way. Emboldened by past successes, many other syndicates and combinations than that of Benson and Hyde were engaged in raiding the public domain. Secretary Hitchcock dropped practically everything to cope with this pressing emergency. The work of parceling out the public land and perfecting titles came virtually to a standstill. The general charge of the correspondence in preparing cases for recovering stolen lands was in the hands of Judge James I. Parker, Chief of the Division of Lands and Railroads. A. B. Pugh, as Special Assistant United States Attorney, was sent into

the field, and was one of the active prosecutors. It became necessary to call in Secret Service operators, to employ outside experts, and to remove various officials in widely scattered land offices, while surveying parties and special agents took the field and invaded the enemy's country.

But Secretary Hitchcock also found it necessary to look closer home. When Senators and others were making daily pilgrimages to the White House and to the newspaper offices in an effort to discredit him, he learned that the dismissal of Mr. Hermann had not ended treachery in the General Land Office. One of the men in the investigation struck a new trail of John A. Benson, and it ran directly into the Special Service Division at Washington. Benson had been an old offender away back in the eighties, and knew all the ropes. He had been concerned in extensive frauds in California through fictitious surveys, and he escaped



INDICTMENTS AND CONVICTIONS IN THE LAND FRAUD AND TIMBER CASES BY STATES

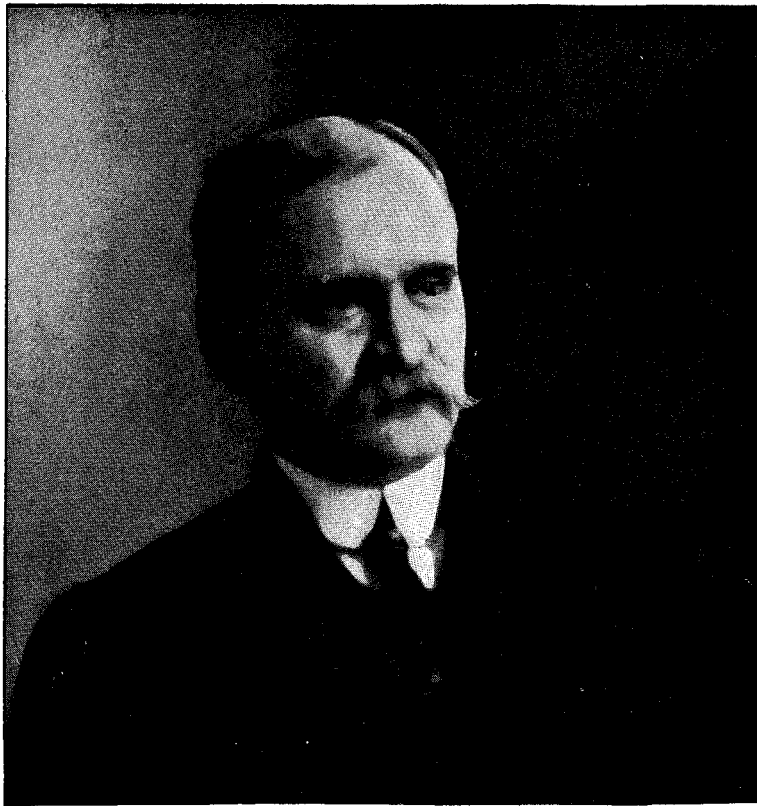
punishment by leaving the country. The Government recovered only a small portion of the land filched from it by means of the "Benson Surveys," as they were called. Benson had men in the Special Service Division in his pay. They were detected, and a trap was laid for the men suspected. One of the agents of Benson in the Department wrote a letter, under directions, telling him to come to Washington. He did not come, for the reason that the man who wrote this letter sent another secretly to Benson telling him of his danger. But finally he was decoyed and came to the seat of government. He went to the Willard Hotel and telephoned W. D. Harlan, Chief of the Special Service Division, to join him at his room. Harlan, cowed, acted under the orders of John E. Wilkie, Chief of the Secret Service, and W. J. Burns, who had been specially engaged for these Oregon and California frauds. He was searched before he went to see Benson. He was searched when he came out, and he had a \$100 bill. Benson before dismissing him had sent him to the wash-room, where he found the money. The next day William E. Valk, also an employee of the Land Office, was sent for by Benson. The same programme was observed, and Valk came out with two \$100 bills.

Secretary Hitchcock was now ready to deliver the first blow. The methods of Benson, and the action of Hermann in destroying the records, had warned him that it was to be a game of diamond cut diamond. He had already made the case against Benson, Hyde, and their associates, and indictments had been found against them; but no inkling of this had leaked. Benson was arrested in Washington immediately after he had this interview with Valk, and the others were apprehended on telegraphic orders. The arrests, and Benson's sensational apprehension while practically bribing officials of the Department of the Interior, startled the country. The land thieves for the first time began to realize that they were in grave danger.

Other agents of the Department were working in Oregon. Some revelations began to come from that State which made persons think that the whole State

must be honeycombed with fraud, and that the most prominent men in it were involved in the frauds over ears and eyes. The very finest timber of these splendid Oregon forests was falling into the hands of the despoilers. The very choicest grazing and agricultural lands were going into the possession of grazing or speculative land companies. Homesteaders were being shut out. This was done, not merely by means of "dummies" who were paid so much to take up homesteads or timber land and transfer the titles, but by means of forged applications and forged entries. As was subsequently shown by the conviction of the Surveyor-General of Oregon, the men whose duties required them to protect the public interest on the scene were in league with the movement. Applications and entries were turned up for lands that were located 250 miles from the land office where they were on file. The Secretary of the Interior, with one stroke of the pen, stopped the operation of all the entering of land in Oregon, and ordered prosecution of every one involved, high or low. The next attack delivered by the Interior Department was even more dramatic than that concerning the Benson and Hyde ring. The Federal Grand Jury at Portland began to turn out indictments, and it was reported that Senators and Representatives in Congress would be implicated. One sensational incident followed another. The President, acting after interviews with Secretary Hitchcock and Attorney-General Knox, appointed Francis J. Heney as special land fraud prosecutor at Portland. This was done over the heads of the Oregon delegation in Congress. He next removed District Attorney Hall, who had obstructed Heney, and Hall was later himself indicted. The President also rejected the recommendations of the Oregon Senators in the matter of the successor of Mr. Hall.

One of the first of the Oregon cases will serve to show how high the arm of justice was reaching. The Butte Creek Land, Lumber, and Live Stock Company had obtained possession of the greater part of Wheeler County. For conspiracy and violation of the various land laws



JUDGE JAMES I. PARKER

Chief of Division Land and Railroads, Interior Department. One of Secretary Hitchcock's most active aids

there were indicted Binger Hermann, whom we last saw getting a vindication at the hands of the voters of the State; John H. Hall, ex-District Attorney; Edwin Mays, ex-District Attorney; F. P. Mays, State Senator; Hamilton H. Hendricks, Secretary and Treasurer of the Butte Creek Company; and C. E. Loomis and E. D. Stratford, special agent of the Land Office.

But higher and higher the hand of justice was reaching. It soon became apparent that United States Senator John H. Mitchell would be caught in the toils. Representative J. H. Williamson had already been indicted. Much evidence indicated that Senator Mitchell was in league with the conspirators; that he had formed a law partnership with Judge A. H. Tanner; that while he was drawing a salary of five thousand dollars as Senator he was practicing before the department and accepting fees as a lawyer, thus selling his influence as Senator. This was an offense against the

statutes of the United States, and Senator John R. Burton, of Kansas, had already been convicted of violating it. Senator Mitchell was a man of great influence, and had had a remarkably romantic history. Reared in western Pennsylvania as John Hipple, he had gone West because of some trouble and had changed his name to John Hipple Mitchell. The first time he returned East was as a United States Senator from Oregon, and as a wealthy man. He had been defeated for the Senate several times, and had been returned twice, and it was reported that he had made and lost several fortunes.

At the first definite sign of danger Senator Mitchell hurried to Washington to assure the Administration that he had done nothing improper. He claimed to have made a contract with Judge Tanner years before, in which it was specifically stated that no fees should be paid to him as a result of anything he did before the departments in the interest of

the clients of the firm of Mitchell and Tanner. The danger became more threatening to Mitchell each day. The Grand Jury was in session at Portland. Mitchell's friends urged him to return. Instead, he despatched his private secretary, Harry Robinson, to Oregon with a sealed letter to Judge Tanner, in which he made the statement that it was always understood that no fees for department practice should be paid him, and asked that all books of the firm be shipped to Washington. The Secret Service knew of the sending of this letter. When

between himself and Mitchell bearing date of 1901, in which it was agreed that Mitchell should have his salary, get one-half of the proceeds of law cases, but that he would accept no fees for appearing before the Departments in legitimate matters affecting his constituents. The watermark on the paper on which this contract was written was "Edinample." The Government showed that no sample of this paper had appeared on the Pacific Coast until 1903. It also showed by the color of the ribbon of the typewriter on which it had been



FRANCIS J. HENEY
Special Prosecutor of Land Frauds in Oregon

Robinson was within about fifty miles of Portland, he was joined by William J. Burns, of the Secret Service, who accompanied him to Portland and took him as a witness directly before the Grand Jury. He was questioned about the letter, gave it to the Grand Jury, and it proved to be very damaging to Senator Mitchell. The Senator was indicted. He defended himself in a dramatic speech on the floor of the Senate, and tears poured down his withered cheeks as he asserted his innocence.

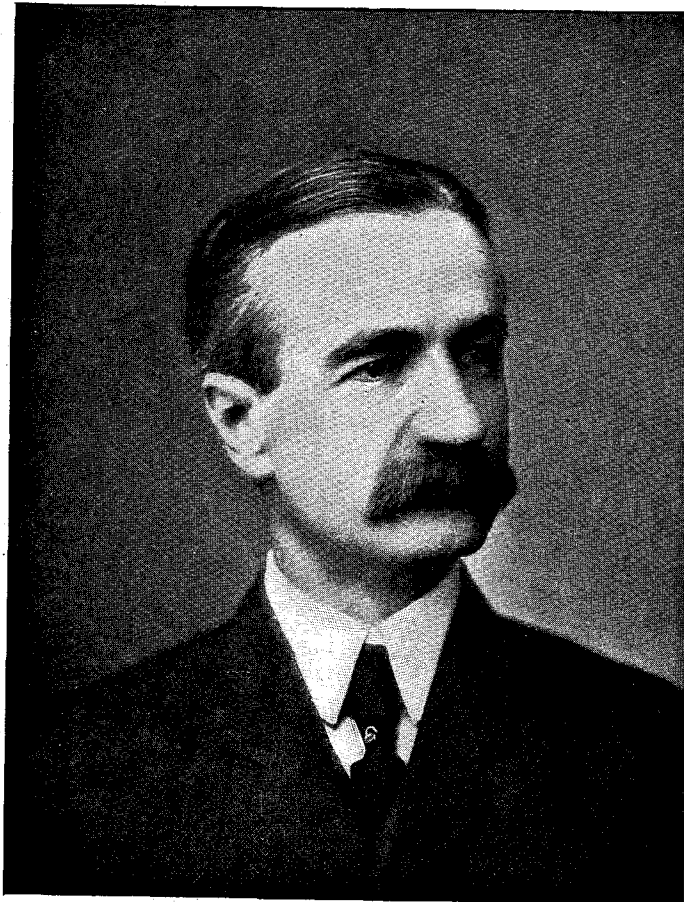
Senator Mitchell's conviction was accomplished only after one of the finest chains of circumstantial evidence was forged about him. Judge Tanner, in Mitchell's defense, produced a contract

written that it was not in existence before 1903. The contract had three words misspelled—"legitimate," "salary," and "constituents." When Tanner's son was asked to write a sentence containing these words, he made the same mistakes. Then he broke down and admitted that he had "faked" the contract of 1903, and said that Department fees, instead of being the property of his father, were the property of Senator Mitchell. Mitchell was convicted and sentenced; he got a stay of execution, and died suddenly. Judge Tanner was convicted of perjury, but was pardoned by the President. But for the statute of limitations United States Senator Fulton would also in all probability have

been indicted in connection with Oregon land matters.

One of the most daring of the Oregon thieves was S. A. D. Puter. He was a giant in stature and a man of iron nerve. At Mitchell's trial he swore to paying the Senator \$1,000 to perfect a title in Washington. He was associated in the land frauds with men and women. In his fight for liberty one of his women confederates was of great assistance to him, and later his undoing. He became a fugitive, and Operator William J. Burns was assigned to run him down. Burns was warned that Puter was a desperate man, and that he carried a revolver in a specially made pocket in front instead of behind. Burns arrested Puter in the corridor of the Boston branch post-office in Back Bay late one afternoon while he

was getting his mail at the general delivery window. After telephoning for an officer to take charge of Puter, Burns started with his prisoner out of the post-office, supposing the officer was close at his heels. The officer was not there. It was just twilight, and the street was densely crowded. Burns kept his eye on Puter's right hand, watching for a move toward the pocket which he had been told about. Instead Puter reached into the inside breast pocket of his raincoat, drew forth a handkerchief, and wiped his forehead with it. When the hand was withdrawn from putting the handkerchief away it held a revolver, which, quick as a flash, was pointed full at Burns's stomach. Burns has arrested more counterfeiters than any other officer in the Secret Service, but here he found



PHOTOGRAPH BY FABER, SAN FRANCISCO

ARTHUR B. PUGH

Special Assistant United States Attorney in the land fraud prosecutions

that he was completely out-manuevered. Without a word, keeping his pistol pointed directly at the detective's abdomen, Puter backed slowly away through the crowd, then, turning, ran like a deer and escaped. He was subsequently captured and convicted, and is now serving a sentence of two years in prison in Oregon.

The drag-net of Secretary Hitchcock was now drawn around every public land State. There seemed to be no limit to the rapacity of the land sharks. Attention soon became centered on the illegal fencing of the public lands in Nebraska, Kansas, Montana, Colorado, and other States. Horse and cattle companies largely absorbed the public lands in those sections that are semi-arid. The law says that there shall be no fences erected upon or around public lands. The fencing had become more general in the neighborhood of the land-grant railways. In these land grants the lands had been divided into quarter-sections, the Government retaining each alternate quarter-section. The object, of course, was to encourage the settlement of the country, and to avoid the concentration of these homesteads in the control of grazing companies. The Northern Pacific has a grant of almost twenty miles on each side. The Central Pacific land grant is ten to thirty miles across. The method that was followed by the grazing companies was that they would get possession of the railway land and fence that and the public land in one compact inclosure. In a square comprising thirty-six quarter-sections of 55,706 acres, or nine square miles, a cattle company would have eighteen quarter-sections that it had purchased from the railway and eighteen quarter-sections owned by the Government, but would assume control over the entire tract. While the land would be theoretically open to home settlement, it was actually beyond the reach of the homesteader. He who entered upon one of these illegally fenced quarter-sections usually took his life into his own hands.

A few instances will serve to show how these lands were held by the cattlemen under "border law." The records of the Interior Department show that near St. Francis, Kansas, the Dewey Cattle Com-

pany had erected fences inclosing 51,040 acres, or a little less than eight square miles. John Berry and his four sons took up land under the Homestead Law, and the fences of the cattle company interfered with his passage to the outer world. He was completely cut off. The cowboys of the Dewey ranch threatened to kill the entire family if the fences were interfered with. John Berry and his four sons, on returning home from the nearest town, found it necessary to cut a fence of the cattle company. Just as they rode through, a band of cowboys swooped down upon them and opened fire. The elder Berry was hit, but was able to keep the saddle, and he and his sons were soon beyond reach of the cowboys, who pursued, firing as they rode. Twenty cowboys followed the men to their homes, took them by surprise, and killed two of them instantly. Three others got to the house and defended themselves, killing three of the cowboys. The house was fired, and, as the three endeavored to make their escape, they were shot to death. This was in June, 1905.

A widow named Mrs. Howell had taken up a homestead in Oregon in the neighborhood of the Ayres Cattle Company. The cattle company apparently determined that she must be driven out. The fences of this company were up in defiance of law. One night a gang of armed and masked men, some of whom were identified as the employees of the company, visited the house and made a demonstration for the purpose of driving her out of the country. This was in March, 1905.

When one of the special agents of the Department in Kansas was brought to book for not being active in regard to fencing in a Western State, he made a report to the Department in which he said that the fencing law was always treated as a joke. The Senator who appointed him told him to do nothing. The other Senator was attorney for the cattlemen. This special agent is not now in the service.

It is estimated that at least 5,000,000 acres of land are inclosed by illegal fences. This would be an area of 7,812 square miles, nearly equal to the area of Massachusetts, larger than New Jersey,

and only thirty-two square miles less than the area of Delaware, Connecticut, and Rhode Island combined. In Nebraska alone suits concerning an area of 1,349,319 acres are pending. But it is estimated that the illegal inclosures in that State equal 2,698,638 acres.

In many instances these companies claimed to own the land that they had fenced. To test the working of the Homestead Act and the Desert Land Act it was found, in one instance, that out of thirteen homesteads purchased by a company after fourteen months' alleged occupancy by the homesteader, twelve had really been acquired by persons working in collusion with the cattle companies. In Nebraska the Kinkaid Law, which enabled a single person to take 640 acres, was discovered to have been a great aid to fraud. Persons in the employ of the grazing companies would take up sections and turn them over to their employer.

It was difficult to make headway against these cattle companies. They were composed for the most part of wealthy stockholders who had entered into the business under the motto "Might makes right." One surveying party, accompanied by Secret Service men, made a survey of 280,000 acres. The companies explained that the fences had been put up under a misapprehension and had been taken down. A second expedition was sent out and made photographs of the fences still up. In many instances the cattle companies claimed that the fences were on their own land. This is an old excuse. How they manage this is shown in a diagram accompanying this article. It is taken from a Supreme Court decision against fences

6	5	4	3	2	1
7	8	9	10	11	12
18	17	16	15	14	13
19	20	21	22	23	24
30	29	28	27	26	25
31	32	33	34	35	36

HOW THE CATTLE COMPANIES ATTEMPTED TO EVADE THE LAW

The cattlemen obtained by purchase from the railways the alternate quarter-sections, 1, 3, 5, 7, etc., and the corresponding quarter-sections in the adjacent squares of equal size. By putting their fences in the positions shown by the dotted lines they could claim that the fences were entirely on their own land. At the same time they inclosed not only their own quarter-sections, but the quarter-sections 2, 4, 6, 8, etc., owned by the Government.

surrounding public land in the case of *Camfield vs. the United States*. The greatest battle with the fenceers was that waged against the Nebraska Land and Feeding Company, which controlled the "Spade Ranch" and had 400,000 acres under fence. Bartlett Richards is President of this company; Will G. Comstock, Vice-President; C. C. Jameson, Treasurer, and Aquilla Triplitt, Agent. The fences inclosed the public lands, and the offense was a particularly flagrant one. After much difficulty the officers of the company were brought to trial on the charge of illegal fencing. The company had no defense to offer. To the astonishment of the Department and the Administration, when these men pleaded guilty they were sentenced to pay a fine of \$300 and to be imprisoned for six hours. These six hours were passed in the custody of the United States Marshal in the Omaha Club. The President ordered the removal from office of the United States Marshal and of United States District Attorney Baxter, and orders were issued to press other prosecutions against the "Spade Ranch." This time it was a much more serious affair. New indictments were found charging in thirty-six counts conspiracy to defraud the Government of its lands. At the trial it was shown that under the Kinkaid Law the company had solicited scores of persons to take up sections of land and on getting title turn it over to the company. The company promised to pay each person from \$300 to \$1,000 per claim. All of the officers of the company were convicted on December 19, and other persons who were in collusion with them will be placed on trial later. This is one of the greatest

victories achieved by Secretary Hitchcock in his long campaign against the land-looters. There are other cases of similar character pending all over the West against timber, cattle, and land companies.

Within a few weeks there have been further sensational developments in different lines from those detailed above. The Inter-State Commerce Commission, acting as the prober, but in conjunction with the Interior Department and the Department of Justice, has uncovered an apparent collusion between capitalists and applicants for mineral lands, by which, for a nominal figure, large tracts of coal lands in the Rocky Mountain region have passed into the hands of the Union Pacific Coal Company and other concerns. These disclosures are held to be sufficient to justify (if any justification were necessary) the action of the Interior Department in having withdrawn from entry 64,000,000 acres of coal and mineral lands in North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Utah, Oregon, and Washington. This is an area almost equal to that of New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey combined.

More recent still have been the disclosures, only hinted at officially as yet, regarding the disposal of town sites and the allotment of other lands in Indian Territory. So unsatisfactory has been the state of affairs regarding the Five Civilized Tribes, and so serious and contradictory have been the stories regarding oil and coal leases, that Mr. William Dudley Foulke was sent to the Territory by the Government, and has made his report. Only recently a Senate committee took Secretary Hitchcock to task for

withdrawing about 5,000,000 acres of land from allotment because he felt that the terms under which the lands were to be disposed of were bad for the Indians. One thing which caused this action was a scheme to purchase 200,000 acres for a game preserve.

From the above imperfect sketch it will be seen that the task of protecting the public domain is one of extreme difficulty as well as of supreme importance, and sometimes it is very exciting. At the beginning of the Government the public lands amounted to 2,295,000,000 acres.

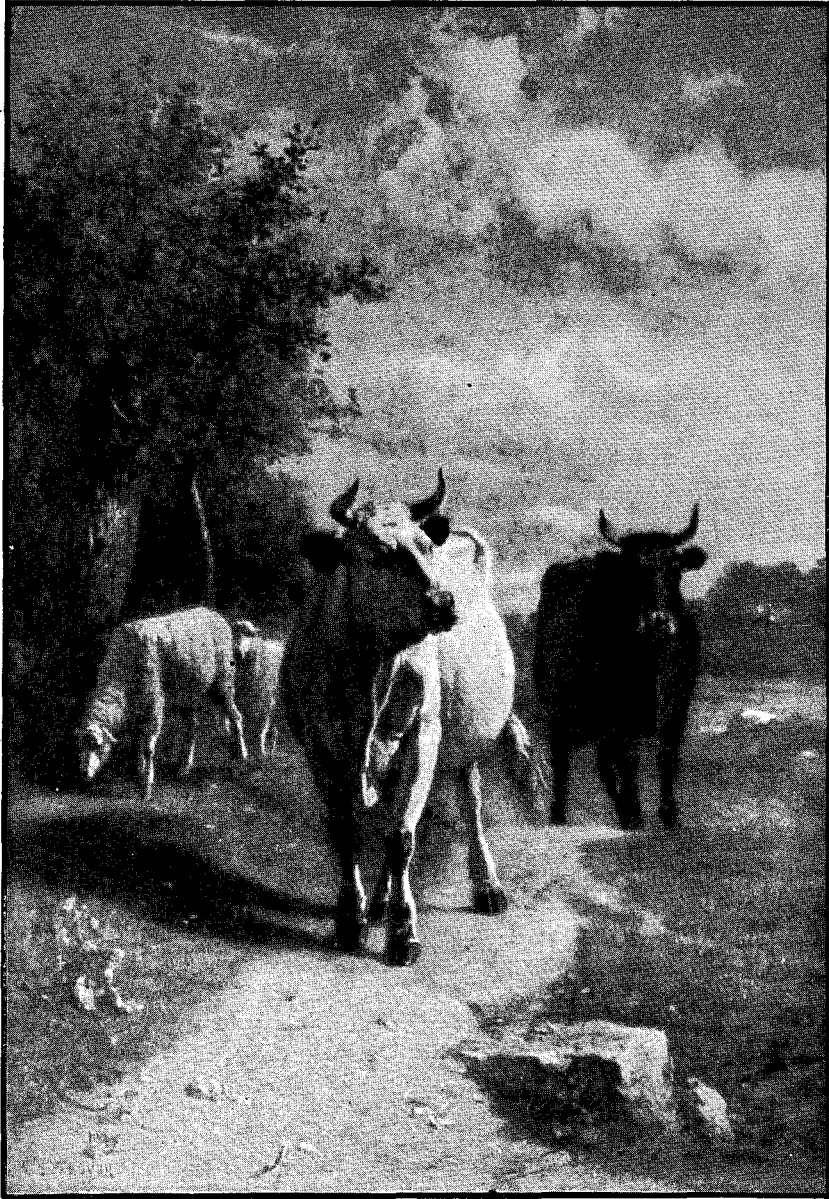
The quantity of land that has passed in the last twenty-four years from the Government to States, individuals, and corporations is equal to a strip of territory across the continent, including all of New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Washington, and Oregon. There have been since 1862 one hundred million acres taken up in home-

steading. Where has the remainder of the public lands gone? To railways, lumber companies, cattle companies, and speculators, and large portions have been allotted to the States.

It is generally admitted that if the depredations upon the public lands had not been checked in 1903 by Ethan Allen Hitchcock, backed by a courageous President, the end of the present administration would have seen the Nation despoiled of all of its remaining agricultural lands that are susceptible of irrigation, and of its richest remaining treasures in the forest and in the mines,



WILLIAM J. BURNS
United States Secret Service

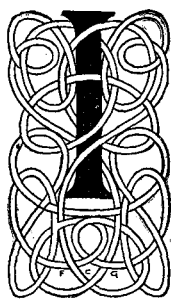


THE RETURN TO THE FARM

BY CONSTANT TROYON

Reproduced by courtesy of the American Art Association

A FAMOUS TROYON



F Constant Troyon could have been present in New York on January 25, at the sale of the thirty pictures known as the Henry collection, a remarkable representation of the Barbizon school, his astonishment would have known no bounds. In 1840 and '50, when he was one of that famous group of French painters composed of Millet, Corot, Dupré, Rousseau, Daubigny, and Diaz, who studied and painted round about the little village of Barbizon, he was glad enough to get five hundred francs, that is to say, one hundred dollars, for a picture. When the display of his cattle paintings at the Exposition of 1855 had made him famous and had brought his work into great popular favor, he thought himself, and was thought by his colleagues and the public, to have achieved great financial success because his canvases then brought as much as six thousand francs, or twelve hundred dollars. The picture reproduced on the opposite page brought \$65,000 at the Henry sale—the highest price ever paid in the United States for a single picture at a public sale. Those who have never attended one of the sales in Mendelssohn Hall conducted by the American Art Association can hardly appreciate their dramatic character. Of the large gathering, of course only a small percentage are buyers; the rest go from motives of partly artistic and partly dramatic interest. Mr. Kirby, the veteran expert and auctioneer, stands in a sort of little pulpit at one side of the stage. When a famous and desirable picture is put up, the bidding rapidly mounts by thousands and then more slowly by hundreds of dollars until it is knocked down to the successful purchaser. In the case of the Troyon the bidding was started at \$25,000 by Senator Clark, the mining multi-millionaire of Montana. The bidding was briskly carried on against him, and the picture was finally sold to a well-known dealer in this city at a price which sets the judicious observer to thinking that there may be some basis after all for President Roosevelt's warning against over-swollen fortunes. Troyon is one of the greatest modern masters of cattle painting. In technique, in the treatment of light and shade, and in beauty and truthfulness of finish he is probably unsurpassed in his particular field. His light and shadow effects are characteristically displayed in "The Return to the Farm." But in the estimation of artists he lacks the poetic, the imaginative, and the spiritual feeling which lie underneath the works of some of the others of his Barbizon colleagues. Troyon was born in 1810, in Sèvres in France, his father being connected with the famous porcelain works of that place. Through the influence of his father and mother he received his earliest artistic impressions, and he began his artistic career as a decorator. He might possibly have developed into a highly successful workman in the field of industrial art, but the impulse for painting was too strong to resist, and he began, somewhat as Millet did, to wander about the country painting landscapes, and when his funds gave out supported himself by china decoration. When he was about thirty years old he fell in with the little group of men at Barbizon, and it was from this time that his real artistic career began. His essential genius is indicated by his instant appreciation of the heroic attempt of the Barbizon men to rescue the art of France from the stilted and artificial influences of the classic and studio schools, and to take the painters "back to nature" for their inspiration.

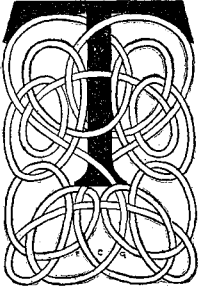


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POPE PIUS X.

THE MEN AROUND THE POPE

BY SAMUEL J. BARROWS



HE American visitor at Rome finds on the Alban Hills two objects of interest, one the Papal Villa, the Castel Gondolfo, where the Holy Father spends his summers, and the other the villa of the American College. On these historic hills eighteen college boys are engaged in an athletic game. From the way they "get under the ball," from the way they drive it at the bat, take a high fly or a low grounder, it is perfectly evident that they are American boys. No others can handle a ball like that. How much better this than to be fighting beasts in the Coliseum! Among the spectators are some from the Papal Villa, one of them wearing the Cardinal's hat. He watches the game with intense interest. The players, too, watch this tall, spare man when their eyes are not on the ball; they are proud of his applause. He knows all the points of the game. He might serve as umpire.

But this alert, keen man has another and a vaster field. He is, if not the umpire, one of the principal actors in an international contest which the whole world has watched with eager interest. The "diamond" stretches from the Alban Hills to the Seine. It is not a conflict of arms, but a conflict of diplomacy.

Next to the Pope no one stands out so conspicuously to-day on the Roman side of the political arena as this man, Cardinal Raphael Merry del Val, the Papal Secretary of State. The official documents which have gone to the French Government, and to all the Governments with which the Holy See has official relations, bear his signature. To borrow a phrase from the game he admires, it was he who set the ball in motion from the Roman side by sending a missive to the courts of Europe. This

letter was written April 2, 1904, from the chambers of the Vatican. It stated that "the coming to Rome in an official form of M. Loubet, President of the French Republic, to pay a visit to Victor Emanuel III. was an event of such exceptional gravity that the Holy See could not permit it to pass without calling to it the most serious attention of the Government which your Excellency represents." It pointed out in courteous but positive language the offensive character of the visit rendered to the Italian Government, intentionally brought about by that Government to enfeeble the rights and to wound the dignity of the Holy See. It stated that if the other Catholic powers had done the same thing, the recall of the Papal Nuncio would have immediately followed.

The result of this letter was the recall of the French Ambassador at the Vatican. The open war between France and the Vatican began.

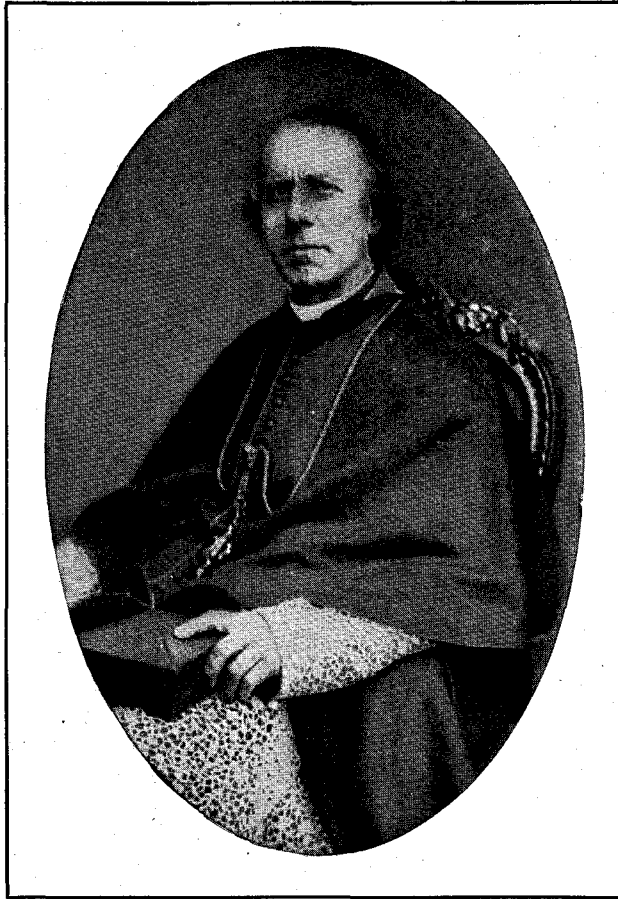
Who is this man called to such unexpected prominence? But a few years ago he would not have dreamed of occupying the place he holds. His early ambition was to be a simple Jesuit father; but his education and his ability deflected him from the work of a humble missionary and led to his unusual elevation.

Raphael Merry del Val was born in London, October 10, 1865. His father was Secretary of the Spanish Embassy to Great Britain, his mother an English woman of Spanish origin. His name Merry is an indication of the Irish blood in his veins, for he gets it from a grandparent coming from Dublin. His father, having aided Alfonso when that Prince was sojourning in England, was gratefully remembered when Alfonso ascended the throne; he advanced him to the position of Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Belgium.

The education of the son, beginning at his father's home in London, was continued at St. Michael's College at Brus-

sels, under the care of the Jesuit Fathers. Here he felt distinctly drawn toward a clerical life. In Belgium his knowledge of the French language was also perfected. He studied philosophy in the Seminary of St. Cuthbert, England. His father afterwards being accredited by Spain to the Vatican, the son went to Rome. Pope Leo took a fancy to the

Passing through the diaconate, he was ordained a priest in Rome, January 1, 1889. Within a year after his ordination he was appointed President of the College of Noble Ecclesiastics, where he had studied when first coming to Rome. His knowledge of languages led to his appointment as consultor of the Congregation of the Index, which decides as to



CARDINAL OREGLIA

President of the Congregation on Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs

genial and handsome young man, and it was by his express wish that the student entered the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics, continuing his studies also at the Gregorian University in philosophy, theology, and canon law. The favor of the Pope was shown by bringing the young man into the Vatican as one of his secret chamberlains. His degree of doctor in philosophy and theology was received from the Gregorian University.

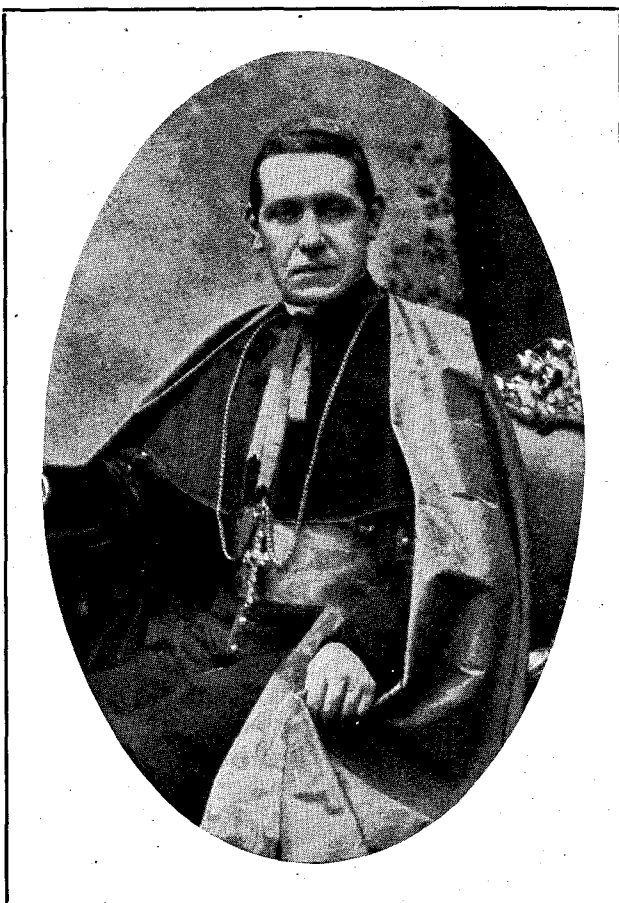
prohibited books. His knowledge of English well fitted him for a mission to Canada with reference to the question of schools. He received from the University of Ottawa, Canada, his doctorate in canon law. At the age of thirty-five he was created by Pope Leo an archbishop *in partibus*, that is, an archbishop without a see. This honor is often conferred on those who are retiring from service, but in the case of young Merry

del Val it was a prelude to further activity and distinction.

When Leo was dying, three years ago last July, it became necessary to appoint the Secretary of the Conclave of Cardinals. The Secretary is the only one present in the council in the Sistine Chapel who is not a Cardinal. Monsignor Volpini, a friend of the Pope, was appointed

after his election he was appointed Pro-Secretary of State. In the month of November following he was raised to the dignity of the cardinalate and confirmed in his office as Secretary of State. He was the first Cardinal created by Pius X.

While there are strong points of sympathy and affinity between Pius X. and Cardinal Merry del Val, they are con-

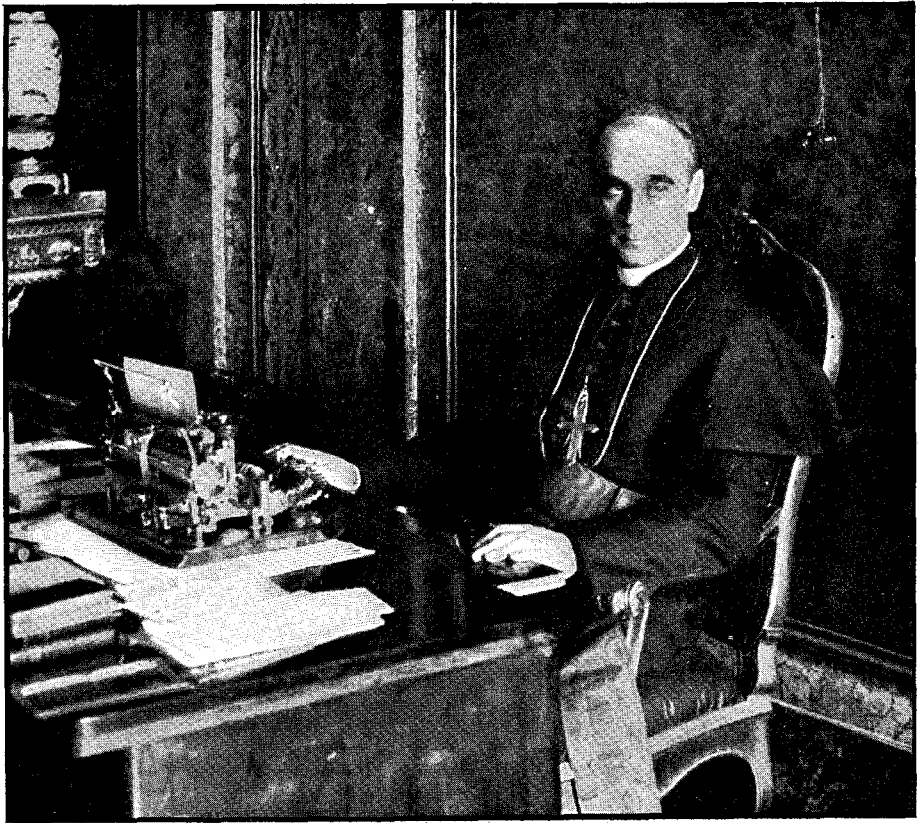


CARDINAL RAMPOLLA

Secretary of State under Leo XIII.; still one of the most influential counselors at the Vatican

to this office. At that time Leo was at the point of death, and Volpini apparently in the best of health. Without warning, the Secretary suddenly passed away. Leo was never told of his death, and it fell to Cardinal Oreglia, the dean of the College of Cardinals, who is the head of the Church in an interregnum, to appoint a successor. Merry del Val became thus the Secretary of the Conclave which elected Pius X. Within a few weeks

trusted in age and training. Joseph Sarto, the Pope, was born in Treviso in Italy, in 1835, and is consequently thirty years older than his Secretary of State. The Holy Father passed through every ecclesiastical grade of the Church to the very highest; he was a young seminarian, a sub-deacon, deacon, priest, curate, professor of seminary, rector of seminary, vicar-general of diocese, bishop, archbishop, patriarch, cardinal, and Pope.



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CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL ●
Papal Secretary of State

Nothing has been left out of his training except diplomacy, and the knowledge of languages and politics that goes along with it. Merry del Val, on the contrary, has never had actual parochial work, but has had that cosmopolitan life which is so good a training for diplomatic service. English is his native tongue; he speaks it with a broad English accent, with a smooth and apt diction. He has a perfect command of Italian and French, and can preach in any of these languages. Spanish he naturally learned from his parents; and has, too, the thorough command of Latin which is a part of the traditional education of Rome. With all his cosmopolitan training and his experience of life on two hemispheres, he has, however, the instincts of the priest and the educator. A hard and brilliant student, he takes a great interest in boys' clubs in Rome and brings them out to the Papal Villa for recreation and

games. A Catholic friend who has stood very close to him describes him as "an intense and pious believer, with supreme faith in the supernatural, in the Church, in the divinity of Christ, and in the absolute unshakableness of his commission to the Church." Here, too, these men of different mold and make and training come into close accord; for Pius X., though not a man of scientific education, has that same intense faith in the Church and the supernatural and in Christ that makes him defy the world. "No one, for instance, would order his bishops in France to take an attitude which turns them out of church and house and home—no one would do that who was not a believer."

In his capacity as Secretary of State, Cardinal Merry del Val carries on diplomatic relations with countries having representatives at Rome. The main European countries represented are

Austria-Hungary, Bavaria, Belgium, Luxembourg, Prussia, Portugal, Spain, and Russia; and there are representatives from several South American republics. In addition to his title as Secretary of State, Cardinal Merry del Val is Grand Knight of Malta, President of the Commission of Cardinals for the administration of property of the Holy See, member of the Congregation of the Inquisition, of the Council of Rites, of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs, and is also a member of the Pontifical Commission for the Unification and Codification of Canon Law.

How far is Merry del Val responsible for the diplomatic policy of the Vatican? Officially he holds the same relation to the Pope that Secretary Root does to the President. He has charge of the department of foreign affairs, but he is also a member of a cabinet of counselors. On this subject a high Catholic dignitary said to the writer: "I believe that the Holy Father holds Merry del Val in the highest esteem and has great regard for his opinions, but to ascribe to him the entire responsibility for the policy of the Vatican, as the public apparently does, is fanciful and legendary; that policy is the outcome of the deliberate action of the body of Cardinals."

To understand the action of the Vatican, one must know how it is organized. There are thirty-five Cardinals always living in Rome; they are Cardinals *in curia*. These Cardinals carry on the executive interests of the Church. They are subdivided into committees, numbering from seven to twenty Cardinals, and the same Cardinal may be a member of several committees or congregations. The most important of these committees are the Congregation of the Propaganda, which has to do with missionary affairs and ecclesiastical administration; the Congregation of the Index; and the Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs. There are many other committees and organizations relating to ritual, discipline, dogma, and education—among them the Inquisition. Questions coming up in regard to France are probably discussed in the Congregation on Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs. The prefect or president of this Congregation

is the venerable Cardinal Oreglia, who heads the list of Cardinals, next to the Pope, in the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church. He is now in his seventy-ninth year, and is the only Cardinal living who was created by Pius IX. He was elevated to this office December 22, 1873, and is the *Camerlengo* or Chancellor of the Pope. Of the fifty-one Cardinals of the Church, Cardinal Richard, of Paris, is the oldest, being in his eighty-eighth year. Cardinal Coullie, of Lyons, is in his seventy-eighth year, and Gruscha, of Vienna, is in his eighty-sixth. Merry del Val, on the other hand, is but forty-one, the youngest in the number, being fourteen years younger than the Cardinal nearest to him in age.

The other Cardinals on the Congregation on Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs, besides Oreglia and Merry del Val, are the two Cardinals Vannutelli and Agliardi, Satolli, Rampolla, di Pietro, Gotti, Ferrata, Mathieu, Taliani, Steinhuber, Segna, Vives y Tuto, and Cavagnis.

Of this group of men who stand nearest to the Pope in this emergency, Cardinal Rampolla's name is familiar, as the Secretary of State of Leo XIII. He is sixty-four years of age, and one of the most influential counselors at the Vatican, a member of several of the most important committees. Serafino Vannutelli has had an extensive diplomatic career as a representative of the Vatican at foreign courts. His brother, Vincenzo Vannutelli, is a noble figure, standing about six feet six in height and well proportioned. Satolli was at one time Papal Legate to the United States. He is considered one of the great Catholic theologians of our time, and is especially distinguished as a Thomist, or follower of Thomas Aquinas. Steinhuber is a German Jesuit, eighty-two years of age, and also distinguished as a theologian. Gotti is the head of the Congregation of the Propaganda, one of the most important of all the departments. Ferrata has had diplomatic experience as Papal Nuncio at Paris, and may be presumed to know well the French situation. Mathieu is of French birth. Segna is prefect of the archives of the Vatican. Vives y Tuto is a Spaniard, a Capuchin,

a theologian, and in age next to the youngest Cardinal.

These sixteen men are in the eyes of the world the most important men who stand around the Pope in the Franco-Roman conflict. They constitute, as it were, the cabinet of the Pope in this emergency. Extraordinary questions are considered by them, and recommendations or conclusions reported to the Pope. Deliberations are held in secret. Catholics are all agreed that in matters of temporal sovereignty or welfare the Holy Father is not assumed to be infallible. He is therefore at liberty to avail himself of the experience, wisdom, and training of his personal and constituted counselors. And that is what is meant by "The Vatican."

In the conflict between France and the Vatican great questions of principle are involved. These principles have been set forth with lucidity and fairness, as it seems to me, in the columns of *The Outlook*. But the movements of history are also interpreted through personality. We cannot understand the religious situation in France to-day without knowing something of Charles VII., Francis I., Louis XIV., Bossuet, Napoleon I., Briand, and Clemenceau. Nor can we understand the spirit and tradition of the Roman Catholic Church in this matter except as we know the personality and character of Gregory VII., Boniface, Pius VI., Pius IX., Leo XIII., and their devout successor, Pius X., and his council of cardinals.

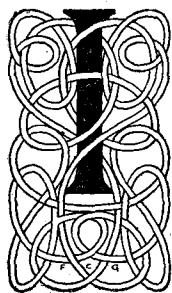
CREATIVE AMERICANS

WILLIAM JAMES

LEADER IN PHILOSOPHICAL THOUGHT

BY GEORGE HODGES

Dean of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Massachusetts



THOUGHT perhaps to begin this sketch of Professor James with a list of my disqualifications for writing it. But that would take too long. It may suffice to say that I have but a halting knowledge of his philosophy, and that I am far from assenting

to some of the articles of his theological belief. A few months ago, at a Harvard dinner at which Mr. James was the guest of honor, one of the speakers recited as best he could the argument of Mr. James's Ingersoll Lecture on Human Immortality. The guest of honor listened with great patience. When it was ended, he said that if the recitation had been made in his class-room he would have marked the speaker *B minus*.

I cannot hope for even so modest a valuation as that.

I remember, however, that Mr. James said of the students at Stanford University, "They believe everything I tell them." It surprised him, it was so different from the attitude of mind to which he was accustomed at home. He did not altogether like it. He has no place in his philosophy for dogmatism. He does not believe that many things are definitely settled yet. He rather resented the unquestioning acceptance which seemed to imply that things must be everlastingly so because he had come so far to say them. I am further encouraged by the terms in which he replied to an invitation to subscribe to a fund for a new golf links. He said, with his generous subscription, that he hated the game but liked the people who play it. I confess that I find philosophy—even

Mr. James's philosophy—hard reading; but I like the philosophers, Mr. James best of all.

Mr. James's work is pervaded by a quality which is, unhappily, rare among metaphysicians—he is always interesting. This is largely because he deals so frankly and constantly with the concrete. He sails out boldly into the deep, with the sea beneath and the sky above, but he keeps out of the fog. If the shores are not in sight, the stars are. He is never separate from reality, never remote from common sense, and never forgetful of the common man. He is assisted by a lively sense of humor. When he is tempted to follow his argument into regions where logic takes the place of life, "I hear," he says, "that inward monitor of which W. R. Clifford once wrote, whispering the word 'bosh!'"

Accordingly, Mr. James is a consistent empiricist. His materials are facts. He deals with actual experience. To this he came not only by the natural disposition of his mind, but by the processes of his education. His first degree was not in arts, but in medicine. He was studying bodies when his contemporaries were studying books. He was getting at truth by way of the tangible fact. There it was before him, visible and unmistakable, a mighty serious matter profoundly affecting human happiness; and he was to find out the meaning of it, and the effect of it, and how to master it. It was only by slow degrees that he became a psychologist, and in his psychology he never lost sight of the physical conditions. One of his distinctive contributions to science is his insistence on the determining influence of the body. We are sad because we cry, we are afraid because we run away. A merry countenance maketh a cheerful heart.

Mr. James changed over from medicine to psychology, from physics to metaphysics, but he carried with him all that he had learned. Better still, he carried with him the quality of mind which had at the beginning made medicine attractive to him. He continued to care immensely for the concrete and to be suspicious of any affirmation which was but remotely related to verifiable fact. He greatly

enlarged his range of facts; he perceived that an emotion, a habit, even an eccentricity or a prejudice, is a fact of which we are to take account as seriously as any phenomenon which may be stated in terms of weight or dimension; but it was in facts that he was interested. It is characteristic of him that when the University of Edinburgh asked him to give twenty lectures on Natural Religion, he determined to give two courses of ten lectures each, one on "Man's Religious Appetites" and the other on "Their Satisfaction through Philosophy," but the first course presently took such possession of his mind that he postponed the second and gave his twenty lectures on the "Varieties of Religious Experience."

I am maintaining the proposition, which nobody, I suppose, will dispute, that Professor James is not only the most eminent but also the most interesting of all our contemporary philosophers. I am trying to make out the quality of this interest. I find it to consist in the perpetual presence of the concrete. That, after all, is what we care for. That is what commands our middle-class attention. The abstract may be profound, it may be a necessary form of philosophical expression, it may be true, but it is a foreign language. Whoever uses it begins to speak in the Hebrew tongue. The concrete is the vernacular. Whenever we hear it in a lecture, in a sermon, in a printed book, we sit up and listen. Professor James thinks in it and speaks in it. This is a great part of the secret of the singular charm of his style, in which he unites the dialect of psychology with the idioms of common speech. "The God whom science recognizes must be," he says, "a God of universal laws exclusively;" to which philosophical statement he adds an immediate translation, "a God who does a wholesale, not a retail, business." It is like the collocation of Latin and Saxon words in the Book of Common Prayer.

It is perhaps Mr. James's respect for concrete human experience which imparts to his mind a notable disposition of intellectual hospitality. All facts, all actual situations, are encountered by him with frank cordiality. All philosophers aspire to divest themselves of prejudice,

but Mr. James succeeds in this endeavor without any evident effort. He is never worried or nervous about his possible prejudices. To some philosophers a prejudice is like a contagious disease. At the sight of it they run away in terror of catching it. I know several eminent philosophers who never go to church, for fear of catching a prejudice. They instruct their pupils that churches are perilous places for philosophers. But Professor James goes to church every day in the week—except Sunday. He sometimes stays away from church on Sunday, but every week-day finds him at prayers in the Harvard chapel. And he has no scruples against church-going on Sunday, though he finds the service a bit long, he says. He braves all the menaces of prejudice, and behaves himself, even in religion, like a normal human being, following the ancient and universal instincts, and thus entering intimately into common life. I do not see that it does him any harm. One might fairly characterize his intellectual position, echoing with a little change a phrase of his own, as the Philosophy of Open-Mindedness.

This serene possession of an open mind is notably apparent in his treatment of several forms of thought at which most philosophers have looked with contempt. He was the first eminent person to deal seriously with the phenomena of Christian Science. He pointed out its universal qualities, and showed its place in the history of human thought. He found that Mrs. Eddy is related to Martin Luther and Walt Whitman and the Roman Catholic Alvarez de Paz, who wrote a book on "Contemplation." He found an open road between the shrine at Lourdes and the shrine at Concord, New Hampshire. He gave Christian Science a dignified past, and brought the mental healers into the fraternity of the philosophers. He founded it all on human nature, and ascribed even its vagaries to the imperfection of our knowledge. Man is still a mystery. Nobody knows that better than the psychologist whose business it is to study him. Mr. James has a hand of welcome for anybody who has found out anything about man. And he is of

the opinion that Mr. Dresser and Mr. Wood and Mr. Trine have visited dim regions of our subliminal self into which few physicians have ventured.

So also with spiritualism. Human beings have now been dreaming dreams and seeing visions and dreading ghosts for innumerable centuries. It is a queer world, and all manner of queer things are continually coming to pass in it. For the most part, these strange incidents have been thrown by philosophers upon the rubbish-heap. They are so much slag and cinder. The normal intellectual processes go on like the output of a mill, made by reason and logic as by machines, and serving the daily and essential purposes of life; but behind the mill, lumbering up the back yard, red with rust and green with weeds, are piles of odd, misshapen, rejected stuff, old superstitions, panics, and lunacies.

Mr. James has poked about a good deal in this back yard, looking for by-products. He is of the opinion that there is something to be found in these places of waste and disorder. He belongs to the Society for Psychical Research, and has greatly interested himself in the singular sayings of Mrs. Piper and other unusual persons. The unusual, which shocks the conventional philosopher, invites him. He is of one mind with the patriarch in the desert who said, "I will now turn aside to see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt." The varieties of Religious Experience which are examined in his book are abnormal varieties.

The fact of sub consciousness is perhaps the most important discovery which has been made as yet in the back yard of the mind. Telepathy has been found there. The researchers have also been encouraged to say of spiritualism and other occult doctrines that there may be something in them. Just what it is, they do not know. Mr. James says of Mrs. Piper that most of her utterances are hopelessly incoherent, but that now and then there is a single note of something real and strange. He does not pretend to understand it. His position is that the unexplained is the proper field of philosophic adventure and discovery.

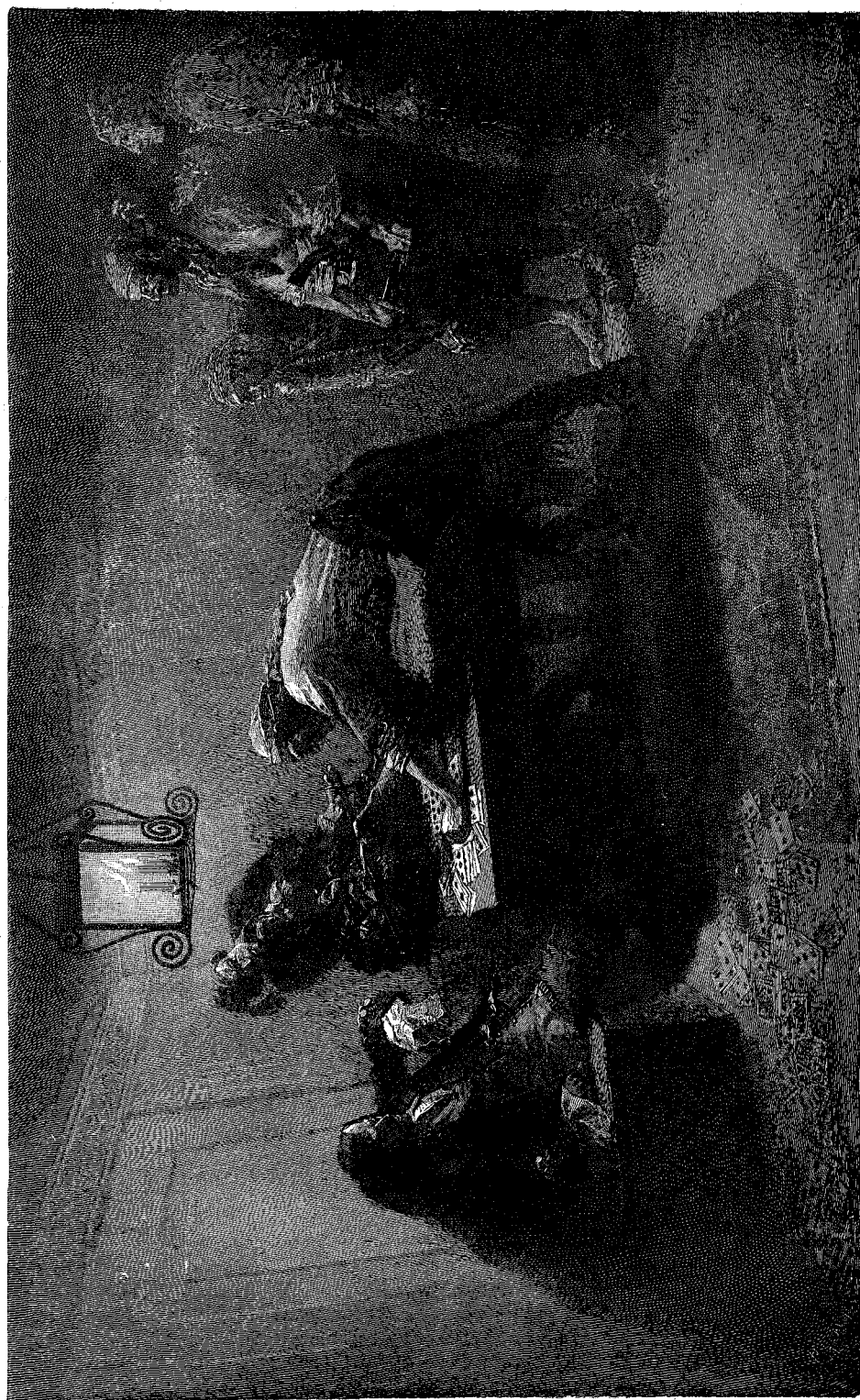
He hopes that somebody will sometime find something in the cinders, or learn how to make something out of the cinders.

This large intellectual hospitality distinguishes Professor James from most of his contemporaries, and imparts to his thought an originality which proceeds naturally from the unusual materials with which he deals. He is concerned with man in the concrete, with the individual just as he is, proper or improper. It might perhaps be said that he is interested in men rather than in man. Least of all is he desirous to conform the individual to the type. He is not endeavoring to prove a theory. He is trying to see things as they are. His open-mindedness proceeds, not only from his keen interest in facts, but from a certain modesty of disposition. His mind keeps open house, and welcomes all who come, whether on foot or on horseback. He does not consider himself too good to converse with them, and he is always more ready to learn than he is to teach. He hates to make speeches. Once, he says, when he had to speak after dinner on some significant occasion, he wrote out his remarks two weeks before, and committed the thing to memory, and recited it to himself three times a day—forty-two times; and then, when the moment came, his courage failed him, and he took the paper out of his pocket and read it. But in his lecture-room he is wholly at ease, speaking with unfailing freedom and felicity of phrase; yet always informally, by way of conversation, and with no assertiveness of manner. We are all students together, he seems to say, none of us knowing very much about these vast and immeasurable matters; let me tell you what I think and you shall tell me what you think.

This modesty of Mr. James's mind inclines him to give his philosophy a didactic, even a homiletical, turn. He believes that a philosopher ought to be a useful citizen, and that the true aim of the study of human nature is to learn

lessons which when they are taught shall help people to be better. His chapter on Habit applies the truths of psychology, as a sermon applies the truths of religion, to common conduct. It has helped hundreds of people out of darkness into light. It has contributed to the making of character. "Keep the faculty of effort alive in you by a little gratuitous exercise every day." A great number of people have these words in mind as if they were a text of Scripture, and are made different by them.

Professor James is one of the most religious of professional philosophers. They all deal with the high matters with which religion is concerned, but some of them maintain with much care an exterior and impersonal attitude towards them. I remember a sermon which was preached by President Faunce, of Brown University, on the text, "O God, thou art my God." It is one thing, he said, to cry, "O God," in recognition or even in admiration, but quite another thing to cry, "Thou art my God." It is the difference, indeed, between philosophy and religion. Professor James perceives that the being of God makes an inevitable difference with the individual. "That no concrete particular of experience should alter its complexion in consequence of a God being there, seems to me," he says, "an incredible proposition." He classes himself, accordingly, with the supernaturalists, and is not content with the easy doctrine which finds in the supernatural only nature under another name. "We and God," he says, "have business with each other; and in opening ourselves to his influence our deepest destiny is fulfilled. The universe, at those parts of it which our personal being constitutes, takes a turn genuinely for the worse or for the better in proportion as each of us fulfills or evades God's demands." It is true that he goes on to remark that something might perhaps be said in favor of polytheism. But this is only Mr. James's way of assuring us, after his excellent sermon, that he has no intention of entering the ministry.

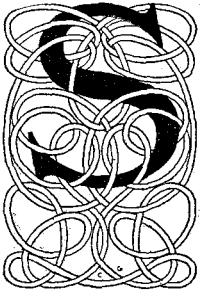


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THE FOUNDER OF AN AMERICAN SCHOOL OF ART

BY JESSIE TRIMBLE



SINCE it is generally admitted that American illustration at present ranks higher than that of any other nation, and since it is increasingly admirable, there is interest in the question, "Chiefly to whom is the credit due for raising our standards until illustration has become the basis for a National school of art?"

Even among those who differ with him on many points, it would be hard to find a great number of people taking exception to the statement that the man who has done most to revolutionize American illustration is Howard Pyle.

If the development of American illustration does actually amount to the birth of an American school of art, in the sense that we know certain French, Italian, Spanish, or Dutch painting, the logical deduction seems to be that Mr. Pyle will be looked upon as its originator. And an "American school of art" means something far more than is represented by the colony of artists now for six years gathered around Mr. Pyle at his home in Wilmington, Delaware.

The genius of Howard Pyle is so diverse that in any way to describe it is extremely difficult. The nearest thing to definition is to call it American. When analyzed, the inspiration of his paintings, his illustrations, and his teaching appears to lie in one or another trait of character typically American.

For example, Mr. Pyle is a worker of such untiring persistence, and in so splendid an array of ways, that he seems like an American business man. He preaches a doctrine of work, consequently of democracy, and finds time in between painting, illustrating, teaching, and lecturing to write books so good as to give a great many people more inter-

ested in literature than art the plausible misconception that Mr. Pyle is a writer before he is an artist. They are fortified in this idea by their happy recollection of those charming stories such as "Pepper and Salt," "The Wonder Clock," "Twilight Land," "The Garden Behind the Moon," "The Rose of Paradise," "The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood;" of more recent novels, "Jack Ballister's Fortunes" and "Rejected of Men;" and of Mr. Pyle's distinctive treatment of the stories of the Round Table.

Yet, although a third volume of the books about King Arthur and his Knights will be issued this winter as another evidence of Mr. Pyle's literary activity, several new paintings are to be added to his already notable work in full color; and his efforts to help the young American illustrator seem constantly and in surprisingly new ways to widen. Distinguished though his long literary career has made him, Mr. Pyle's enduring distinction is more likely to come through the influence he has had on American art.

For twelve or fourteen years variously occupied as a teacher at Drexel Institute, the Art Students' League, and at Wilmington in his own school, Mr. Pyle has in the thirty years of his art life worked out for himself a theory of artistic expression that must almost of necessity affect permanently the trend of American art.

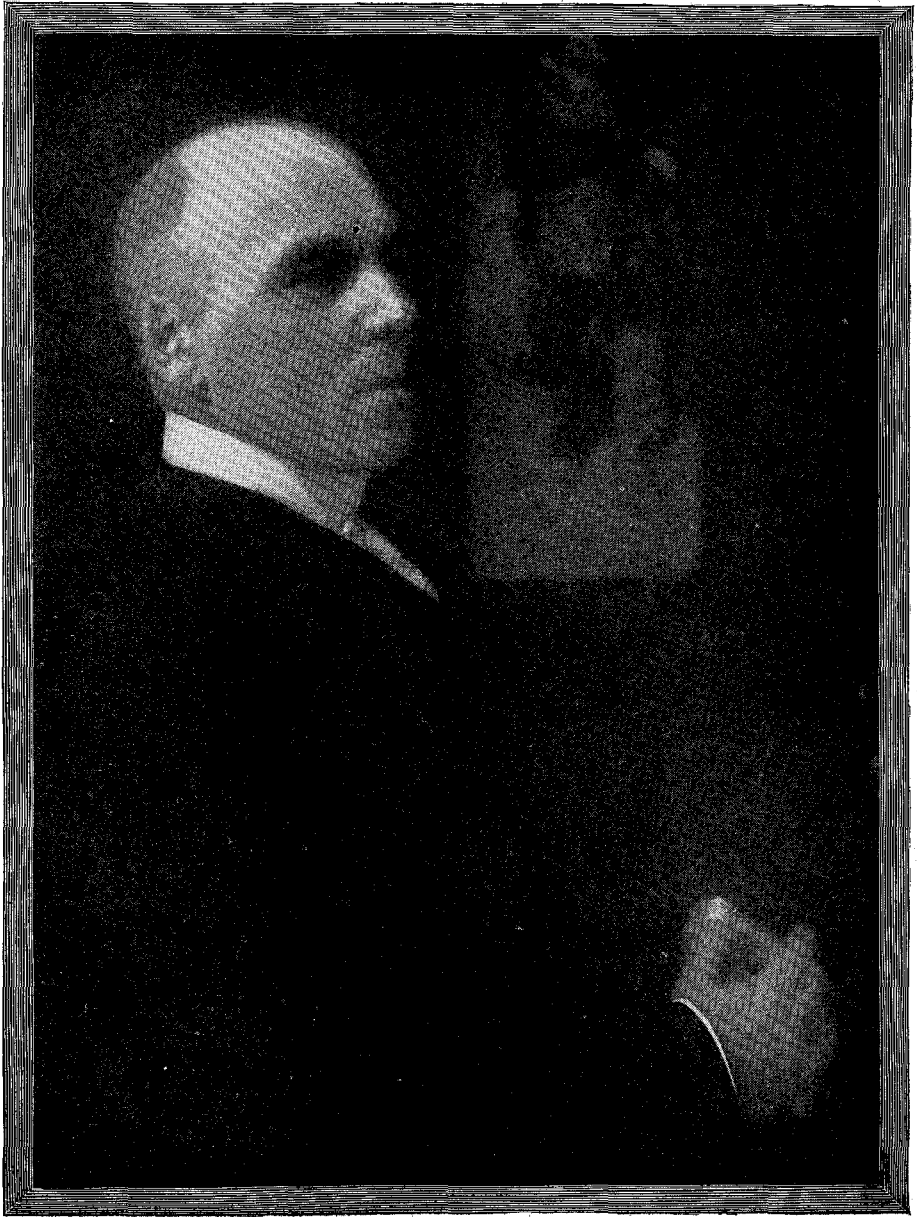
While his American capacity for work seems a part of the quality of his genius, his American type of mind shows itself in that strongest characteristic of his art—its practical value. This, in combination with his classic taste as a lover of the beautiful, continually demonstrates his belief in truth and use as the sound basis for art.

Mr. Pyle's belief in America, his willingness to trust the development of his

own talent to it, have been proved sincere. Not only has he never studied abroad, but he has never been abroad! He does not urge his pupils to go abroad. And in the purest American environment he has changed for the better the illustrating of scores of young men and women in the United States. Certainly one-half of the notably successful illustrators of America have stud-

ied with Howard Pyle. And he has helped them through the application of methods universal in their profoundly simple teaching that life—one's own conception of life—must be the inspiration of all work. That conception the artist carries ever with him, having no need to go abroad to find it.

Mr. Pyle is an American educator. He educates the view-point. He helps



HOWARD PYLE

his pupils to find themselves, to "see straight." It is this passion for seeing straight, for honest art, no affectation, no sham, that makes different from so much instruction the whole spirit of Mr. Pyle's teaching. It is no wonder that modern illustration, including such strictly commercial work as advertisement drawing, useful certainly, and capable of the finest treatment, appeals to Mr. Pyle as the unassuming foundation on which may be erected a "school" of American art.

There is, however, an important qualification. Illustration, in Mr. Pyle's opinion, deserves this high place only when it aims to approach the merit of the finished painting. If Mr. Pyle has revolutionized our drawing, he has done so by holding out constantly this ideal, not only in his teaching but in his own work. Magazine readers will remember the attention given his pen-and-ink drawings some twenty years ago when he was illustrating those delightful stories he used to write for young people. His simple, decorative pen-and-ink sketches were for a while almost without imitators, the crowd clinging to the fussy, careful drawings now scarcely ever seen. Those illustrations were indeed as perfect in their way as are Mr. Pyle's paintings.

Now, quite aside from the unconscious influence Mr. Pyle has had on American illustration, he has exerted a conscious influence. He has wished to help. His desire to teach young illustrators, his earnestness in their behalf, his prodigality in assisting them, single him out from those who hoard their talents and keep back of their gifts. It is well known that Mr. Pyle never refuses to see an art student who asks his help, while the Wilmington school is without a parallel. People study there free of charge. Money cannot buy entrance. The only pupils are those invited by Mr. Pyle, and they are invited because he has seen in their work possibilities that he may help to bring to reality.

It is in Wilmington, the town of Mr. Pyle's ancestors and his birth, that there is seen a specific embodiment of his long efforts for the upbuilding of an American school of art. His pupils there

have proved the nucleus for a colony of painters doubtless permanent.

The several groups of which Mr. Pyle is the center work with him in ways variously intimate. The first group includes the newcomers, who are in the school studio and receive daily instruction. Also, for reasons perhaps of personal friendship with Mr. Pyle, there are in this close association several men long since established as illustrators, N. C. Wyeth, for example, Stanley M. Arthurs, and Frank Schoonover.

The building in Franklin Street occupied by these young men adjoins Mr. Pyle's own studio—low-thatched, low-toned structures fast gathering an additional covering of vines and climbing roses. Wilmington as a town is unusually green and shady, and Mr. Pyle's studios, with their foreground of flower gardens and heavy lawn, are a picturesque addition to the natural beauty of the place. Those studios are workshops, plain as they are attractive. The old-world touch about them—the great knockers on the old-fashioned half-doors, the high windows, high mantels, valuable desks and chairs taken from former-day houses in the vicinity of Wilmington—reminds the visitor that Mr. Pyle is not only an authority on matters colonial, but a collector of antiques and the possessor of many fine specimens in bric-à-brac, furniture, and woodwork.

Pupils who have had their share of Franklin Street are, many of them, found in the Bancroft and Orange Street studios. These work less directly under Mr. Pyle, but attend morning criticism and the Saturday afternoon lecture. Over twenty artists are considered regular members of the school. Eight or ten of these are young women. It is said, however, that although some of Mr. Pyle's best-known pupils are women, he has no very strong faith in the permanent artistic ambitions of the feminine sex, and rarely encourages women to study with him. He is merely another man who believes that the average woman with ambitions loses them when she marries.

There are artists in Wilmington who have come because Mr. Pyle is there, but who are not studying with him.

They have a distinct affiliation with the school, however, through that important part of it, the Saturday afternoon lecture open to the public. It takes a long time to grasp the significance of all that Mr. Pyle is giving away to so many people, in his efforts to save the artist's time, to teach him quickly some of the things Mr. Pyle himself spent years in mastering.

The Saturday afternoon lecture attracts people from far and near. Philadelphians frequently go down, and New York art editors take the trip occasionally as a sort of "bracer." The occasion is nothing less to the man or woman looking for renewed enthusiasm. It is a tribute to Mr. Pyle's success in his effort to be practical that the lectures are distinctly popular. The audience always includes some who are not artists.

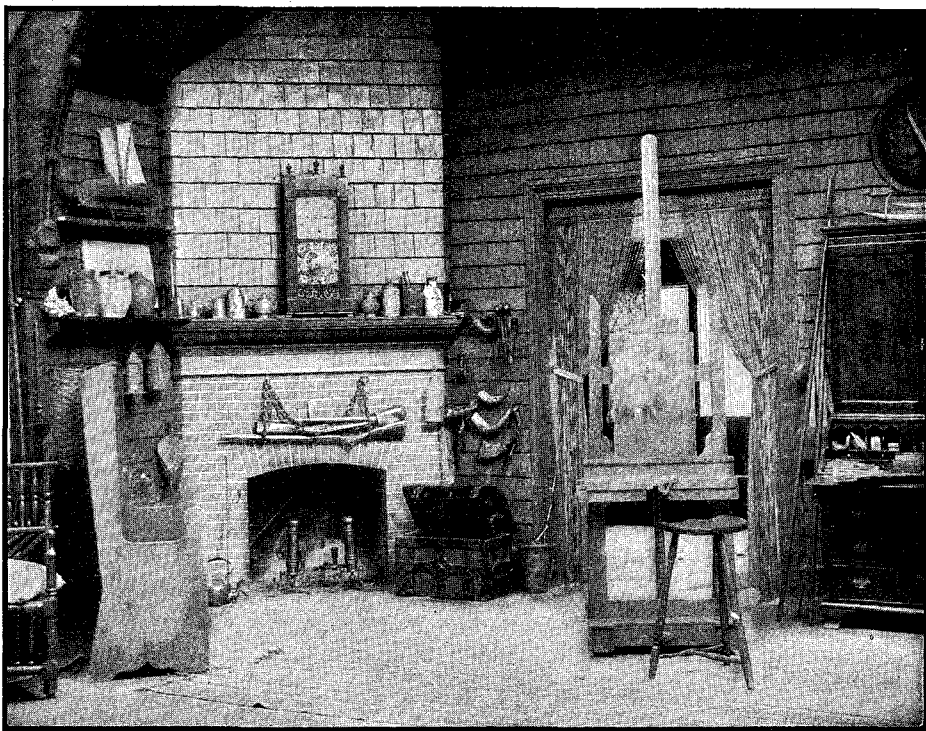
So strongly does illustration as example and motive for work affect the pupils of Howard Pyle that his school might almost be called one of illustration. But its significance is far wider. Illustration is merely the outlet. Painting is the ambition of every pupil, and the ambition of Mr. Pyle for every pupil. It no longer

necessarily follows that because a man is an illustrator he may not some day be an "old master."

Having the ambition to make the best possible illustration practically compels the illustrator to be a painter. Mr. Pyle's pupils are themselves a demonstration of the soundness of his theory. Many of them are painters who have come to devote themselves solely to painting only after long service in illustration.

Miss Violet Oakley's rise to distinction as an artist in stained glass and mural paintings was preceded by the study of illustration with Mr. Pyle. There are few murals in this country more lovely than Miss Oakley's work in the Church of All Souls, New York, and she has the honor of having her paintings in company with those of Mr. Abbey on the walls of the State Capitol at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

Certainly the illustrations of Miss Jessie Willcox Smith, Miss Elizabeth Shippen Green, Miss Charlotte Harding, and Miss Sarah Stillwell, pupils of Mr. Pyle, do more than approach the finished painting, *are* truly that. W. J. Aylward,



A CORNER OF MR. PYLE'S STUDIO

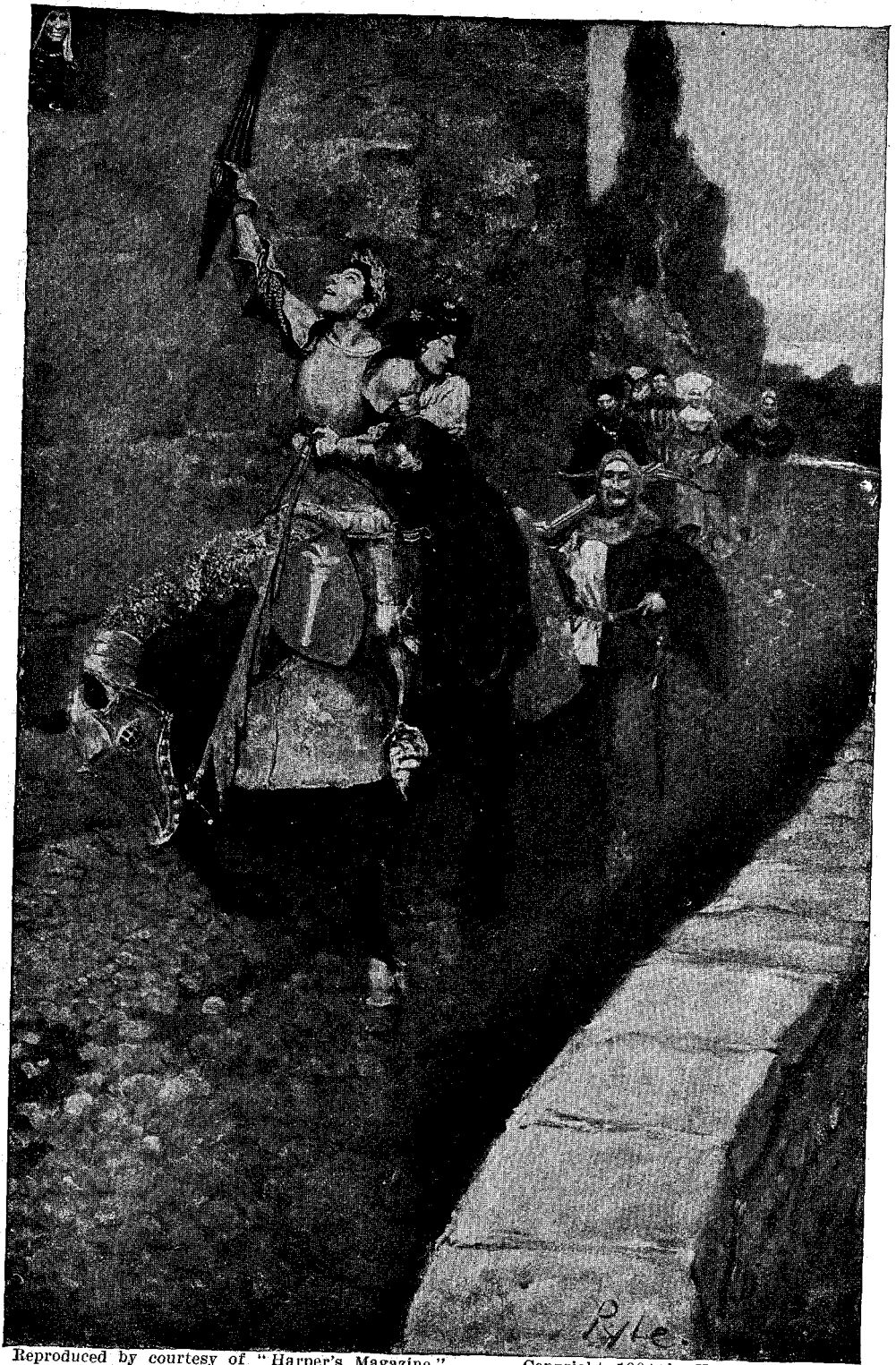


MR. PYLE AT WORK ON A HISTORICAL COMPOSITION

a man of whom Mr. Pyle is justly proud, makes pictures of subjects connected with the sea that are paintings no less than illustrations. Mr. Aylward went to Manila last spring on the Dry Dock Dewey. Through Mr. Pyle's influence with President Roosevelt, he thus secured a unique opportunity of studying the scenes he most enjoys painting.

The outsider, familiar only with Mr.

Pyle's remarkable capacity for work, with his fundamental belief that artistic expression to be valuable must be the outpouring of deep beliefs and strong purposes, in short, that character is the basis of art as of other things great, might perhaps wonder just what type of "artistic atmosphere" would be produced by the types of "artistic temperament" approved by Mr. Pyle.



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An Example of Mr. Pyle's Later Work.

The artistic temperament with which the Wilmington school overflows does not come up to that cynical definition of the term as synonymous with laziness. But it does come up to the meaning of artistic temperament in the light of modern America. Keenly appreciative of the beautiful, deeply devoted to its ultimate expression, conscious of talent, the young men and women at Wilmington differ from such a school abroad, perhaps, only in the practical, the somewhat conscious acceptance of truth and use as a working basis for art. Mr. Pyle's view-point has been characterized as a little like that of the steam-engine. There is no easy doctrine in the Wilmington school about working when you feel like it, but rather, "Work and you *will* feel like it!"

Mr. Pyle's work of all sorts is intellectual, "literary," if an art that teems with the emotional can be so. He preaches that the basis for a good picture is a clear intellectual conception of the thing to be expressed. The clearer the mental conception, the more convincing its expression upon the canvas. It is said that Mr. Pyle began to draw and paint because there were so many things he could make clearer in writing by making them first clear in drawing.

On the same principle, he urges his pupils to write stories and illustrate them, not only to stimulate the imagination, but to make more vivid the subject for actual drawing. It is his constant reminder that art is not merely the decoration of a canvas with color, but the objectification of thought and feeling.

Mr. Pyle's love for truth in art has of itself gone far towards making American illustration excellent. He has fought exaggeration, in direct opposition to the technicians who develop their technique primarily to play tricks with it, to get "effects." While Mr. Pyle teaches his pupils how to draw, he teaches them first to have something to draw. His watchword, "Put yourself in the picture!" is very different from the shallower teaching, "Watch *how* you put yourself in!"

The school at Wilmington differs in many ways from other art schools. It is

made continually interesting. Drudgery seems to have been omitted. The day-in-day-out copying from casts, a feature of the usual training almost invariably hateful to the pupil, is not known in Wilmington. Models are used only as reference. Mere transference has no place in the curriculum of this informal school. The culture of the imagination is a vital part of Mr. Pyle's theory. And he sees no particular benefit to the imagination in eternal copying. There is no work from the nude excepting as the student is taught to draw the nude figure from imagination, afterwards to be paralleled with nature.

Costume models are used in the morning to teach the use of color and brushes, the details of light and shade. But in the afternoon even they are banished. Compositions wholly creative occupy the last half of the day.

Indeed, Mr. Pyle's use of the model is so important as, understood, to make intelligible the whole plan of his instruction. He demands that every effect shown on the canvas be the creation of the artist's own mind. An idea back of the model must be the inspiration of the picture. While many painters scour the country for the right model, one who looks perhaps like their vague conception of the picture they wish to paint, Mr. Pyle's pupils are taught to wait for the clear mental vision, to use the model only on general points as a refreshment to the memory.

Practicing what he preaches, Mr. Pyle uses the same model for nearly everything. And that one, John Weller by name, is a feature of Wilmington art life. Weller has been Mr. Pyle's factotum for twenty years, and has posed for nearly every kind of picture. He is a man of talent on his own account. As a restorer of old furniture he is unequalled in Wilmington, and he is responsible for the admirable renovation of many of Mr. Pyle's antiques. Weller also has charge of the beautiful Venetian costume chest and the valuable collection of costumes in it. These are loaned on occasion to the pupils, and one of them, referring to the fact, said:

"We have to go to Weller when we want to borrow anything. We may get

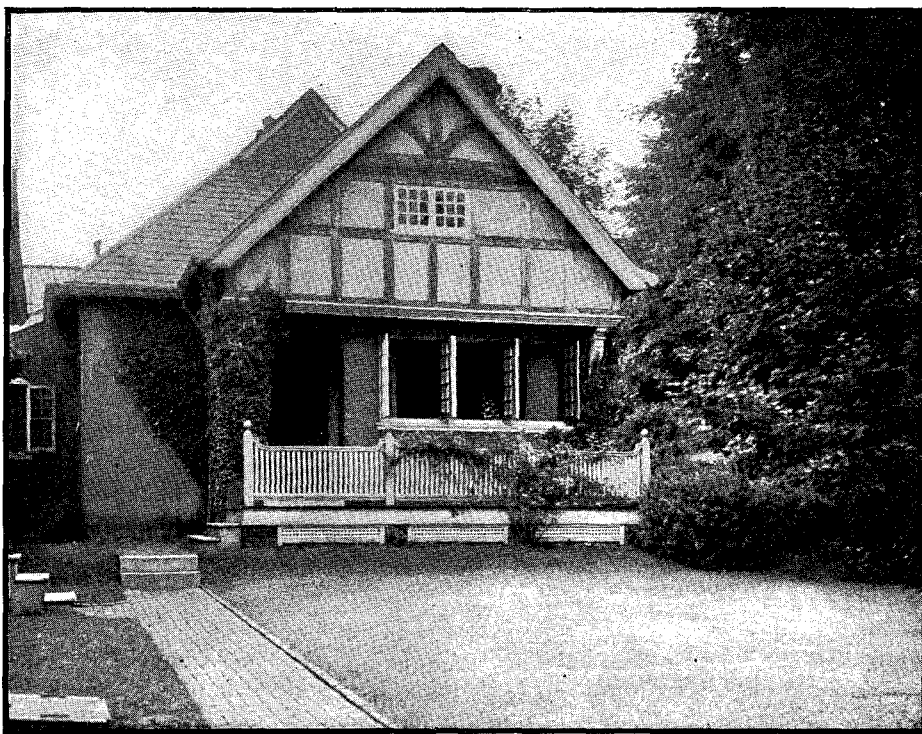
mixed on our periods, but Weller won't. We may want to dress a Colonial in an 1825 or a 1625 or something of that sort, but you won't catch Weller letting the wrong thing out of the box."

With the sanity of his American ideas, Mr. Pyle is no blind enthusiast about the superiority of art and artists in time past. Although strongly influenced in his earlier days by Dürer and Holbein, although constantly pointing to such of his favorites as the Sistine Madonna, to Segantini's country scenes in the Alps, and other pictures alike only in that all are great, the names of some Americans are as constantly upon his lips—Winslow Homer, Inness, George De Forest Brush, St. Gaudens, and Daniel Chester French.

If the development of Mr. Pyle's pupils is proof of his theory that the highest ideals for illustration push the idealist onward into the purest artistic expression, his own art is an even more apparent vindication. It is no idle comment to say that he is to-day painting better than he has ever painted. Many people believe that he is entering upon the period in which his creative power will

display itself as never before. While that beautiful imaginative work, "The Travels of the Soul," is known widely, while every study Mr. Pyle has made of colonial life is remembered for its accuracy and vigor, thus far he has undertaken nothing so important as the murals now being done in the Wilmington studio. One of these, "The Battle of Nashville," is about completed for the St. Paul Capitol. The second, "The Landing of Carteret," will eventually be placed in the new Essex County Court House at Newark, New Jersey. This large panel is six by sixteen feet, and even in its beginning is an imposing piece of work. Of previous murals, perhaps none by Mr. Pyle are better known than a large decorative design in four panels representing "The Genius of Art," which has been placed in a private home.

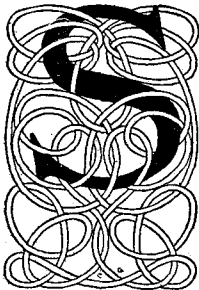
If a "school of art," in the broad sense, be correctly defined as a distinct group of artists working by similar methods to express diverse conceptions of truth, Mr. Pyle is the leader of such a school. Certainly no other American artist has a following so large or distinguished.



MR. PYLE'S STUDIO AT WILMINGTON

THE PERMANENT ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF STATE

BY GAILLARD HUNT



OME years ago a certain under-official in the State Department went to the Secretary of State, James G. Blaine, and asked him to appoint him to a vacancy among the Assistant Secretaries.

"Why," said Mr. Blaine, "it would not be doing you a kindness; you would lose the place when the administration changed."

"Why so?" said the applicant. "Look at Adee."

"Well," said Mr. Blaine, slowly, "Adee is—Adee."

Volumes could not have said more. He stands in a class by himself, without prototype or understudy, and when he shall pass off the stage a search will have to be made for some one now unknown to play his rôle. What Mr. Blaine himself thought of him was shown in a remark he once made to a visitor who happened to enter his room as Mr. Adee was leaving it. "There goes a great man," said he.

I have said that Mr. Adee has no prototype; but he had a precursor. This was William Hunter, of Rhode Island, who was appointed a clerk in the State Department in 1829, became a chief of bureau in 1833, and chief clerk in 1852, when Daniel Webster was Secretary of State. There was then no Assistant Secretary, so Mr. Hunter frequently acted as Secretary. The office of Assistant Secretary was established in 1853, but it was not then (and has not become since) an office of permanent tenure, and Mr. Hunter often filled it during the frequent interregnums, until in 1866 the office of Second Assistant Secretary was created by Congress expressly in order that he might be appointed to fill it, which he did for twenty years, until he

died in 1886. His continuous service in the Department covered a period of fifty-seven years, and for over forty years of that time he was the fixed center about which the conduct of our international affairs revolved. Upon his death, Alvey Augustus Adee, then Third Assistant Secretary, was promptly promoted to his chair, which he has occupied ever since. Thus only two men have served as Second Assistant Secretaries of State, and their combined service covers forty years; but counting from the time that Mr. Hunter had in charge the duties which he continued to perform as an Assistant Secretary, and which Mr. Adee has performed since his death, there have been more than sixty years of the combined service of Mr. Hunter and Mr. Adee, from the administration of Millard Fillmore to that of Theodore Roosevelt, and from Edward Everett to Elihu Root. Thirteen Presidents and thirty-two Secretaries of State have come and gone in that time. Two wars have been fought, and Mr. Adee could doubtless tell how several wars have been narrowly averted.

Mr. Adee succeeded to Mr. Hunter's chair, and the word is used advisedly, for he sat upon the same seat that Mr. Hunter had used, and upon the same old leather cushion that had been flattened and worn smooth in long service for Mr. Hunter. But one of Mr. Adee's first conclusions on taking his new seat was that the old cushion was undesirable, so he rose and with his own hands lifted it from the chair. As he did so, there fluttered to the floor a number of large sheets of paper closely written in his predecessor's well-known hand. They were the draft of a treaty which had been negotiated many years before, and in this safe hiding-place Mr. Hunter had put and forgotten them, and sat upon them. Mr. Adee remembered how, when the draft was lost, Mr. Hunter had been enraged and had ordered the

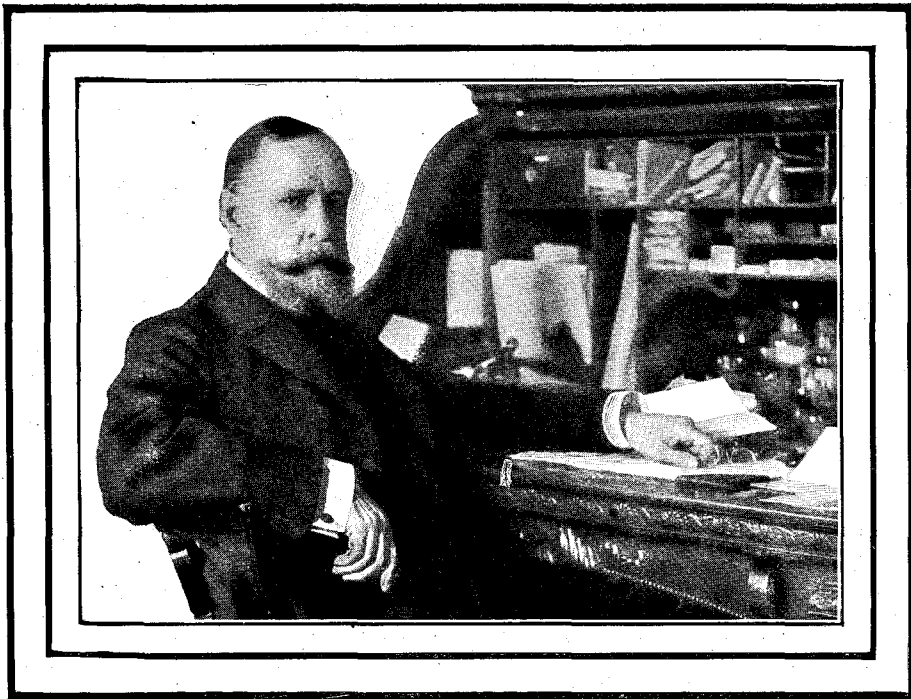
building searched from garret to cellar to find the precious document. But while Mr. Hunter had been forgetful of the place where he had hidden his draft, he had not forgotten its contents, and he had been able to recast the treaty with perfect accuracy, a feat of memory of which Mr. Adee could furnish a counterpart at any time, for his memory of things great or small has become proverbial in official circles in Washington. Ten years ago there was a newspaper story, which sounded like truth, of a greater feat than Mr. Hunter's, for it told how Mr. Adee once wrote the presentation speech of a foreign Minister, who had forgotten to bring it with him when he went to have his first audience with the President. Mr. Adee knew what he ought to say so well that the Minister could not have told the difference between the speech he had written for himself and the one Mr. Adee hastily wrote for him.

Mr. Adee was born at Astoria, New York, about sixty years ago, but neither in appearance nor in habits is he an old man. He is rather below the middle height and has the scholar's stoop; but his clothes conform to the fashion, and he would look as natural a part of the landscape on the Wilhelms-Platz in Berlin, or Downing Street in London, as he does on Seventeenth Street in Washington. His sandy hair is sprinkled with gray, but his physical condition is well preserved by his frequent use of the bicycle. A yearly bicycle tour through France early in the summer has become a feature of his life, and he has applied to this recreation the same relentless accuracy and fullness of knowledge which characterize his treatment of international questions. He has all the routes with their alternatives and side trips laid down, with a record of their characteristics, and it is doubtful if any other wheelman in the world knows more than he does about them. On these trips he carries with him a camera, and takes photographs which are better than those made by most professional photographers. He was one of the first to take up the art of amateur photography many years ago, and attained a high reputation in it, and he has never given

it up. But the comfort which he gets from his bicycle and camera is not as great as the solace from official cares which he derives from his exuberant sense of humor, and an irrepressible fondness for interjecting jokes into the consideration of the most weighty official matters. Visitors are at first startled by this habit, but newspaper correspondents who understand it look upon an interview with Mr. Adee as one of the diversions of their calling.

Mr. Adee holds the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Yale, but he did not go to college. In 1870, when he was twenty-eight years old, he entered the diplomatic service as Secretary of Legation at Madrid, succeeding John Hay. The service then contained some notable names. Motley was Minister at London, George Bancroft at Berlin, Wayne MacVeagh at Constantinople, Elihu B. Washburne at Paris; and presently Caleb Cushing came to be Adee's chief at Madrid. Mr. Adee frequently acted as *chargé d'affaires* for long intervals, and in 1871 he sent some important despatches to the home government over his own name. While he was in Madrid stirring events took place, and he gained important experience at the outset of his career. He saw the legitimate dynasty fall, a provisional kingdom formed under Amadeo I., and Emilio Castelar's short-lived Republic come into the world and leave it. He saw the Cuban question raise its head, and Caleb Cushing treat it with the grasp and comprehensiveness of a genius. This was the beginning of Mr. Adee's connection with a subject which he had before him with intervals thereafter, until in 1898 we went to war over it, under circumstances without precedent, and which many of us hope will not furnish a precedent.

The administration had changed when our relations with Spain were at the breaking point, and an old statesman whose mind had once worked with the precision and regularity of a splendid machine was placed at the head of the State Department, but the machine had almost run down, and worked feebly and intermittently. There was now a new Assistant Secretary, an eminent jurist, who had never been in public life before,



PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN

ALVEY A. ADEE

and who now opened the great book of international politics and procedure for the first time. Thus the burden of directing the State Department fell upon the well-trained shoulders of the Second Assistant Secretary, and, since we were determined to fight, he carried us into the war, through it, and out of it. Probably this was the most momentous task that has ever fallen to his lot.

When Mr. Adee became familiar with the Cuban question in 1871, he began his contributions to the Government's famous annual known as "Foreign Relations of the United States." In 1874 he left the diplomatic service and entered the State Department in a subordinate capacity, and his contributions to these volumes were over the name of some higher official; but since he has been Second Assistant Secretary many despatches have appeared over his own name when he has been acting Secretary of State. This responsible position he has held so often that his name has become familiar to every one who follows the country's international affairs, and they know, when they see that he is in

charge, that he will take care that no harm comes to the State. The literary style of our diplomatic correspondence has often caused comment because of its peculiarities; and Mr. Adee, who has written more of the correspondence than any one else, is responsible for it. The style is not like any other, and to some people it may seem verbose (certainly a great many very long words are used); but the long words always have meanings and shades of meanings which lesser words would not express so well, and the style as a whole has a peculiar adaptability to the purpose for which it is used. Usually it serves to throw a flood of light upon a subject, illuminating it as a whole and also bringing out every detail; but sometimes it serves purposely to put an idea into so deep a shade that its presence is not suspected until, when occasion serves, it is brought forward, never having been really absent. Sometimes, too, the reader is puzzled to make out the meaning of the verbiage, but that is when it was intended to puzzle him.

In speaking of Mr. Adee's talents in this particular a passing allusion should

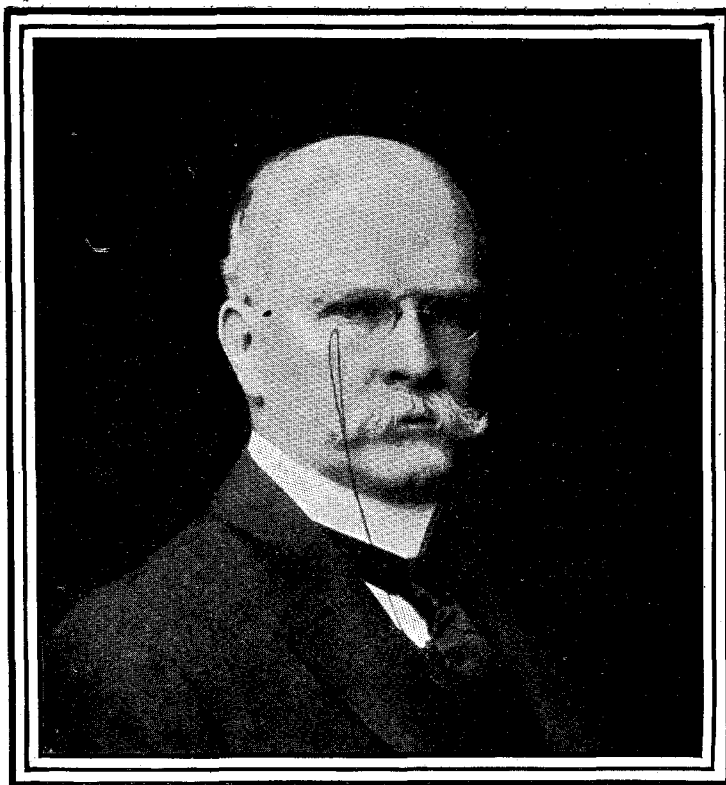
be made to his accomplishments as a Shakespearean scholar, and no one will dispute his title to high rank in this branch of learning who has ever read his erudite and exhaustive introduction to *King Lear* in "The Bankside" collection and collation of first folio and quarto texts of Shakespeare. A lifetime spent at the Government desk has not dried up his imagination, and in the old copies of some magazines may be found excellent stories of his, while his knowledge of poetry and poetical construction is greater than that of most poets. He had a much-loved brother, David Graham Adeë, a poet of no mean attainments, and the two often worked together.

A few years after the Spanish War was over, the Boxer uprising in China occurred, and the members of our Legation were prisoners in Peking in hourly danger of death. In the midst of the preparations to save them Secretary Hay was obliged to leave Washington, and, the Assistant Secretary being away, Mr. Adeë stepped into the breach and managed without a single blunder a situation so delicate that even a small mistake might have brought a great disaster.

These are only a very few of the many notable things Mr. Adeë has done; but perhaps his greatest service to his country has been, not in the things he has done, but in the things he has prevented others less experienced than himself from doing.

There is no office after the Presidency which ranks higher than the office of Secretary of State, and seldom has there been a man chosen to fill it who did not measure up to its standards; but the instances have been few where the Secretary of State has had experience in diplomatic usage and world politics, and the international questions with which he has to deal are nearly always old questions with a long line of previous positions taken by the Government, sometimes stretching back for a hundred years. To act without observing the rules which international practice has prescribed, or to act without knowledge of previous action taken by the Government, would often prove ruinous to the interests of the United States; and it is because this fact has always been recognized that the State Department is the most stable of all the Government Departments, and the one in which fewest changes are made in the personnel. Mr. Adeë is the personification of this stability. He represents tradition and conservatism, evolution rather than revolution, steady advance rather than hasty action and retreat. The continuous strength of the management of the foreign policy of the United States has commanded the admiration of intelligent foreigners and the pride of patriotic Americans, and the credit for it in our day is due to no one more than to Alvey A. Adeë.





PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLINGER

JAMES LANE ALLEN

*KING SOLOMON OF KENTUCKY*¹

BY JAMES LANE ALLEN

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

“**T**HE middle of a fragrant afternoon of May in the green wilderness of Kentucky;” these words, at the beginning of the first chapter of “The Choir Invisible,” mark the hour and place which put a background of rare and opulent beauty behind the work of a writer whose imagination, insight, and humor are always touched with a certain distinction. As Anthony Van Dyck was pre-eminently the painter of gentlemen, Mr. Allen is pre-eminently the recorder in fiction of men and women of sensitive honor, refinement of feeling and habit, detachment from buying and selling, gay courage and gallant devotion. These gentlefolk are sometimes emigrants and often country people; but the charm of inborn and inbred personal dignity, and that delicacy of manner which is the subtle language of the soul of civilization, are the more conspicuous because they are brought out against the simple furnishings of a primitive life. The insight, the feeling for fineness of

¹ Reprinted from “Flute and Violin,” by the permission of the Macmillan Company, New York.

nature, the beautiful regard for the sanctity of personality which inspires the best manners, put Mr. Allen's short stories in a place by themselves, gain a certain heightened charm from the fragrant stretches of wood and meadow upon which his readers always look, and give him pre-eminence as a reporter of American idealism. The special and characteristic fact about idealism in this country is its association with the simplest social conditions and the plainest circumstances of life. Abroad one finds it sometimes in palaces, oftener in universities, studios, ancient homes; it lives with the fortunate and finds expression in the arts. In this country, from the beginning, it has subtly taken on the guise of democracy, chosen humble homes, and thriven like a wild flower on the edge of the wilderness. Those who know America through the newspapers have not found it; they have not found and they will not find the country which produced Emerson, Lincoln, Lee, Lanier; the country which hides its idealism behind a thousand practical tasks and cherishes indestructible hopes in quiet places, and translates them into character and life.

The author of "King Solomon of Kentucky"—the third of the twelve stories of permanent value which *The Outlook* is reprinting in its Magazine Numbers—is an idealist whose work is grounded in reality and is the fruit of the historical method. In the Introduction to the revised edition of "A Kentucky Cardinal" and "Aftermath" one finds these significant words: "In so far as literature is concerned, the same experiences have taught me, and have always compelled me, to see human life as set in Nature; finding its explanation in soil and sky and season: merely one of the wild growths that spring up on the surface of the earth amid ten thousand others. I hold this to be the only true way in which to write of Man in fiction, as it is in science. I further hold that if a writer is ever to have that knowledge of a country which reappears in his work as local color, he must have gathered it in his childhood." The gaining of that knowledge in childhood, when the imagination is as active as the faculty of observation, is a cardinal point in his creed: "Wring out of the heart of a man the last essence of his knowledge of a country, and it will be the scenes of boyhood pleasures." If one were dealing with the fundamental aspects of Mr. Allen's work, he would perhaps say that artistic feeling and scientific temper are very subtly blended in it, and that beneath its extraordinary beauty there lies a philosophy wholly and intensely modern: the vital relation of art to soil and race which Herder divined and which Taine applied with such searching and illuminating power. The title of two of Mr. Allen's later and longer stories reveal his point of view and the very definite tendency of his thinking—"The Reign of Law" and "The Mettle of the Pasture."

Readers of Mr. Allen's short stories come at once under the spell of a style which, in diction, construction, and suggestion, is as individual as it is musical, and are often so captivated by the pleasure of cadenced and enchanting speech that they overlook the significance of these stories in American literature. They are striking in the combination of the selective genius of an idealist with the accuracy and thoroughness of method of a realist; for the man of scientific interests is always something of a realist. In the stories which make up "Flute and Violin," in "A Kentucky Cardinal" and "Aftermath," in "A Summer in Arcady" and in "The Reign of Law," the background is sketched with an accuracy based on the most thorough observation and filled in with the most sensitive feeling for truth. That

background, fortunately, is one of the most opulent in richness of vegetation and splendor of sky. The stories are not set accidentally and arbitrarily in the Blue Grass region of Kentucky; they are rooted in its soil and penetrated with its radiant influences.

In like manner the realist has, from careers monotonous, obscure, or even repulsive in outward appearance, chosen traits, qualities, and experiences which are of no condition but belong everywhere to the finer soul of humanity. Here, too, there is a touch of realism; but it is a realism of truth to the higher as well as the lower facts of life. "King Solomon of Kentucky" wears his crown late; but on the court-house steps, to be sold to the highest bidder, the instinct of a gentleman was in the vagrant, and Mr. Allen has touched his unpromising hero with that divining hand of human sympathy that is the open sesame to the nobilities of the human spirit however hidden in dress and place. The humor and pathos of the story convey an impression so definite and faithful that its publication led to a search for the grave of "King Solomon," its identification, and the placing of a monument over it in the Lexington Cemetery.

H. W. M.

I.

IT had been a year of strange disturbances—a desolating drought, a hurly-burly of destructive tempests, killing frosts in the tender valleys, mortal fevers in the tender homes. Now came tidings that all day the wail of myriads of locusts was heard in the green woods of Virginia and Tennessee; now that Lake Erie was blocked with ice on the very verge of summer, so that in the Niagara new rocks and islands showed their startling faces. In the Blue-grass Region of Kentucky countless caterpillars were crawling over the ripening apple orchards and leaving the trees as stark as when tossed in the thin air of bitter February days.

Then, flying low and heavily through drought and tempest and frost and plague, like the royal presence of disaster, that had been but heralded by its mournful train, came nearer and nearer the dark angel of the pestilence.

M. Xaupi had given a great ball only the night before in the dancing-rooms over the confectionery of M. Giron—that M. Giron who made the tall pyramids of meringues and macaroons for wedding suppers, and spun around them a cloud of candied webbing as white and misty as the veil of the bride. It was the opening cotillon party of the summer. The men came in blue cloth coats with brass buttons, buff waistcoats, and laced and ruffled shirts; the ladies came

in white satins with ethereal silk overdresses, embroidered in the figure of a gold beetle or an oak leaf of green. The walls of the ball-room were painted to represent landscapes of blooming orange-trees, set here and there in clustering tubs; and the chandeliers and sconces were lighted with innumerable wax candles, yellow and green and rose.

Only the day before, also, Clatterbuck had opened for the summer a new villa-house, six miles out in the country, with a dancing-pavilion in a grove of maples and oaks, a pleasure-boat on a sheet of crystal water, and a cellar stocked with old sherry, Sauterne, and Château Margaux wines, with anisette, "Perfect Love," and Guiglolet cordials.

Down on Water Street, near where now stands a railway station, Hugh Lonney, urging that the fear of cholera was not the only incentive to cleanliness, had just fitted up a sumptuous bath-house, where cold and shower baths might be had at twelve and a half cents each, or hot ones at three for half a dollar.

Yes, the summer of 1833 was at hand, and there must be new pleasures, new luxuries; for Lexington was the Athens of the West and the Kentucky Birmingham.

Old Peter Leuba felt the truth of this, as he stepped smiling out of his little music-store on Main Street, and, rubbing his hands briskly together, surveyed once

more his newly arranged windows, in which were displayed gold and silver epaulets, bottles of Jamaica rum, garden seeds from Philadelphia, drums and guitars and harps. Dewees & Grant felt it in their drug-store on Cheapside, as they sent off a large order for calomel and superior Maccoboy, rappee, and Lancaster snuff. Bluff little Daukins Tegway felt it, as he hurried on the morning of that day to the office of the Observer and Reporter, and advertised that he would willingly exchange his beautiful assortment of painted muslins and Dunstable bonnets for flax and feathers. On the threshold he met a florid farmer, who had just offered ten dollars' reward for a likely runaway boy with a long fresh scar across his face; and to-morrow the paper would contain one more of those tragical little cuts, representing an African slave scampering away at the top of his speed, with a stick swung across his shoulder and a bundle dangling down his back. In front of Postlethwaite's Tavern, where now stands the Phoenix Hotel, a company of idlers, leaning back in Windsor chairs and planting their feet against the opposite wall on a level with their heads, smoked and chewed and yawned, as they discussed the administration of Jackson and arranged for the coming of Daniel Webster in June, when they would give him a great barbecue, and roast in his honor a buffalo bull taken from the herd emparked near Ashland. They hailed a passing merchant, who, however, would hear nothing of the bull, but fell to praising his Rocky Mountain beaver and Goose Creek salt; and another, who turned a deaf ear to Daniel Webster, and invited them to drop in and examine his choice essences of peppermint, bergamot, and lavender.

But of all the scenes that might have been observed in Lexington on that day, the most remarkable occurred in front of the old court-house at the hour of high noon. On the mellow stroke of the clock in the steeple above the sheriff stepped briskly forth, closely followed by a man of powerful frame, whom he commanded to station himself on the pavement several feet off. A crowd of men and boys had already collected in

anticipation, and others came quickly up as the clear voice of the sheriff was heard across the open public square and old market-place.

He stood on the topmost of the court-house steps, and for a moment looked down on the crowd with the usual air of official severity.

"Gentlemen," he then cried out sharply, "by an ordah of the cou't I now offah this man at public sale to the highes' biddah. He is able-bodied but lazy, without visible property or means of suppoht, an' of dissolute habits. He is therefoh adjudged guilty of high misdemeanahs, an' is to be sole into labah foh a twelvemonth. How much, then, am I offahed foh the vagrant? How much am I offahed foh ole King Sol'mon?"

Nothing was offered for old King Solomon. The spectators formed themselves into a ring around the big vagrant and settled down to enjoy the performance.

"Staht 'im, somebody."

Somebody started a laugh, which rippled around the circle.

The sheriff looked on with an expression of unrelaxed severity, but, catching the eye of an acquaintance on the outskirts, he exchanged a lightning wink of secret appreciation. Then he lifted off his tight beaver hat, wiped out of his eyes a little shower of perspiration which rolled suddenly down from above, and warmed a degree to his theme.

"Come, gentlemen," he said, more suavisely, "it's too hot to stan' heah all day. Make me an offah! You all know ole King Sol'mon; don't wait to be interduced. How much, then, to staht 'im? Say fifty dollahs! Twenty-five! Fifteen! Ten! Why, gentlemen! Not *ten* dollahs? Remembah this is the Blue-grass Region of Kentucky—the land of Boone an' Kenton, the home of Henry Clay!" he added, in an oratorical *crescendo*.

"He ain't wuth his victuals," said an oily little tavern-keeper, folding his arms restfully over his own stomach and cocking up one piggish eye into his neighbor's face. "He ain't wuth his 'taters."

"Buy 'im foh 'is rags!" cried a young law student, with a Blackstone under his

arm, to the town rag-picker opposite, who was unconsciously ogling the vagrant's apparel.

"I *might* buy 'im foh his *scalp*," drawled a farmer, who had taken part in all kinds of scalp contests and was now known to be busily engaged in collecting crow scalps for a match soon to come off between two rival counties.

"I think I'll buy 'im foh a hat sign," said a manufacturer of ten-dollar Castor and Rhorum hats. This sally drew merry attention to the vagrant's hat, and the merchant felt rewarded.

"You'd bettah say the town ought to buy 'im an' put 'im up on top of the cou't-house as a scarecrow for the cholera," said some one else.

"What news of the cholera did the stage-coach bring this mohning?" quickly inquired his neighbor in his ear; and the two immediately fell into low, grave talk, forgot the auction, and turned away.

"Stop, gentlemen, stop!" cried the sheriff, who had watched the rising tide of good humor, and now saw his chance to float in on it with spreading sails. "You're runnin' the price in the wrong direction—down, not up. The law requires that he be sole to the *highes'* biddah, not the *lowes'*. As loyal citizens, uphòlè the constitution of the commonwealth of Kentucky an' make me an offah; the man is really a great bargain. In the first place, he would cos' his ownah little or nothin', because, as you see, he keeps himself in cigahs an' clo'es; then, his main article of diet is whisky—a supply of which he always has on han'. He don't even need a bed, foh you know he sleeps jus' as well on any doohstep; noh a chair, foh he prefers to sit roun' on the curbstones. Remembah, too, gentlemen, that ole King Sol'mon is a Virginian—from the same neighborhood as Mr. Clay. Remembah that he is well educated, that he is an *awful* Whig, an' that he has smoked mo' of the stumps of Mr. Clay's cigahs than any other man in existence. If you don't b'lieve *me*, gentlemen, yondah goes Mr. Clay now; call *him* ovah an' ask 'im foh yo'se'ves."

He paused, and pointed with his right forefinger towards Main Street, along which the spectators, with a sudden

craning of necks, beheld the familiar figure of the passing statesman.

"But you don't need *anybody* to tell you these fac's, gentlemen," he continued. "You merely need to be reminded that ole King Sol'mon is no ohdinary man. Mo'ovah, he has a kine heaht; he nevah spoke a rough wohd to anybody in this worl', an' he is as proud as Tecumseh of his good name an' charactah. An', gentlemen," he added, bridling with an air of mock gallantry and laying a hand on his heart, "if anythin' fu'thah is required in the way of a puffect encomium, we all know that there isn't anothah man among us who cuts as wide a swath among the ladies. The'foh, if you have any appreciation of virtue, any magnanimity of heaht; if you set a propah valuation upon the descendants of Virginia, that mothah of Presidents; if you believe in the pure laws of Kentucky as the pioneer bride of the Union; if you love America an' love the worl'—make me a gen'rous, high-toned offah foh ole King Sol'mon!"

He ended his peroration amid a shout of laughter and applause, and, feeling satisfied that it was a good time for returning to a more practical treatment of his subject, proceeded in a sincere tone:

"He can easily earn from one to two dollahs a day, an' from three to six hundred a yeah. There's not anothah white man in town capable of doin' as much work. There's not a niggah han' in the hemp factories with such muscles an' such a chest. *Look* at 'em! An', if you don't b'lieve me, step fo'wahd and *feel* 'em. How much, then, is bid foh 'im?"

"One dollah!" said the owner of a hemp factory, who had walked forward and felt the vagrant's arm, laughing, but coloring up also as the eyes of all were quickly turned upon him. In those days it was not an unheard-of thing for the muscles of a human being to be thus examined when being sold into servitude to a new master.

"Thank you!" cried the sheriff, cheerily. "One precinc' heard from! One dollah! I am offahed one dollah foh ole King Sol'mon. One dollah foh the king! Make it a half. One dollar an' a half. Make it a half. One dol-dol-dol-dollah!"

Two medical students, returning from lectures at the old Medical Hall, now joined the group, and the sheriff explained:

"One dollah is bid foh the vagrant ole King Sol'mon, who is to be sole into labah foh a twelvemonth. Is there any othah bid? Are you all done? One dollah, once—"

"Dollah and a half," said one of the students, and remarked half jestingly under his breath to his companion, "I'll buy him on a chance of his dying. We'll dissect him."

"Would you own his body if he *should* die?"

"If he dies while bound to me, I'll arrange *that*."

"One dollah an' a half," resumed the sheriff; and falling into the tone of a facile auctioneer he rattled on:

"One dollah an' a half foh ole Sol'mon—sol, sol, sol—do, re, mi, fa, sol—do, re, mi, fa, sol! Why, gentlemen, you can set the king to music!"

All this time the vagrant had stood in the center of that close ring of jeering and humorous bystanders—a baffling text from which to have preached a sermon on the infirmities of our imperfect humanity. Some years before, perhaps as a master-stroke of derision, there had been given to him that title which could but heighten the contrast of his personality and estate with every suggestion of the ancient sacred magnificence; and never had the mockery seemed so fine as at this moment, when he was led forth into the streets to receive the lowest sentence of the law upon his poverty and dissolute idleness. He was apparently in the very prime of life—a striking figure, for nature at least had truly done some royal work on him. Over six feet in height, erect, with limbs well shaped and sinewy, with chest and neck full of the lines of great power, a large head thickly covered with long reddish hair, eyes blue, face beardless, complexion fair but discolored by low passions and excesses—such was old King Solomon. He wore a stiff, high, black Castor hat of the period, with the crown smashed in and the torn rim hanging down over one ear; a black cloth coat in the old style, ragged and buttonless; a white

cotton shirt, with the broad collar crumpled, wide open at the neck and down his sunburnt bosom; blue jeans pantaloons, patched at the seat and the knees; and ragged cotton socks that fell down over the tops of his dusty shoes, which were open at the heels.

In one corner of his sensual mouth rested the stump of a cigar. Once during the proceedings he had produced another, lighted it, and continued quietly smoking. If he took to himself any shame as the central figure of this ignoble performance, no one knew it. There was something almost royal in his unconcern. The humor, the badinage, the open contempt, of which he was the public target, fell thick and fast upon him, but as harmlessly as would balls of pith upon a coat of mail. In truth, there was that in his great, lazy, gentle, good-humored bulk and bearing which made the gibes seem all but despicable. He shuffled from one foot to the other as though he found it a trial to stand up so long, but all the while looking the spectators full in the eyes without the least impatience. He suffered the man of the factory to walk round him and push and pinch his muscles as calmly as though he had been the show bull at a country fair. Once only, when the sheriff had pointed across the street at the figure of Mr. Clay, he had looked quickly in that direction with a kindling light in his eye and a passing flush on his face. For the rest, he seemed like a man who has drained his cup of human life and has nothing left him but to fill again and drink without the least surprise or eagerness.

The bidding between the man of the factory and the student had gone slowly on. The price had reached ten dollars. The heat was intense, the sheriff tired. Then something occurred to revivify the scene. Across the market-place and towards the steps of the court-house there suddenly came trundling along in breathless haste a huge old negress, carrying on one arm a large shallow basket containing apple crab-lanterns and fresh gingerbread. With a series of half-articulate grunts and snorts, she approached the edge of the crowd and tried to force her way through. She coaxed, she begged, she elbowed and pushed and scolded,

now laughing, and now with the passion of tears in her thick excited voice. All at once, catching sight of the sheriff, she lifted one ponderous brown arm, naked to the elbow, and waved her hand to him above the heads of those in front.

"Hole on, marseter! Hole on!" she cried, in a tone of humorous entreaty. "Don' knock 'im off till I come! Gim me a bid at 'im!"

The sheriff paused and smiled. The crowd made way tumultuously, with broad laughter and comment.

"Stan' aside theah an' let Aun' Charlotte in!"

"Now you'll see biddin'!"

"Get out of the way foh Aun' Charlotte!"

"Up, my free niggah! Hurrah foh Kentucky!"

A moment more and she stood inside the ring of spectators, her basket on the pavement at her feet, her hands plumped akimbo into her fathomless sides, her head up, and her soft, motherly eyes turned eagerly upon the sheriff. Of the crowd she seemed unconscious, and on the vagrant before her she had not cast a single glance.

She was dressed with perfect neatness. A red and yellow Madras kerchief was bound about her head in a high coil, and another was crossed over the bosom of her stiffly starched and smoothly ironed blue cottonade dress. Rivulets of perspiration ran down over her nose, her temples, and around her ears, and disappeared mysteriously in the creases of her brown neck. A single drop accidentally hung glistening like a diamond on the circlet of one of her large brass earrings.

The sheriff looked at her a moment, smiling, but a little disconcerted. The spectacle was unprecedented.

"What do you want theah, Aun' Charlotte?" he asked, kindly. "You can't sell yo' pies an' gingerbread theah."

"I don' *wan'* sell no pies en gingerbread," she replied, contemptuously. "I wan' bid on *him*," and she nodded sidewise at the vagrant.

"White folks allers sellin' niggahs to wuk fuh *dem*; I gwine buy a white man to wuk fuh *me*. En he gwine t' get a mighty hard mistiss, you theah *me*!"

The eyes of the sheriff twinkled with delight.

"Ten dollahs is offahed foh ole King Sol'mon. Is theah any othah bid? Are you all done!"

"Leben," she said.

Two young ragamuffins crawled among the legs of the crowd up to her basket and filched pies and cake beneath her very nose.

"Twelve!" cried the student, laughing.

"Thirteen!" she laughed too, but her eyes flashed.

"*You are bidding against a niggah*," whispered the student's companion in his ear.

"So I am; let's be off," answered the other, with a hot flush on his proud face.

Thus the sale was ended, and the crowd variously dispersed. In a distant corner of the courtyard the ragged urchins were devouring their unexpected booty. The old negress drew a red handkerchief out of her bosom, untied a knot in a corner of it, and counted out the money to the sheriff. Only she and the vagrant were now left on the spot.

"You have bought me. What do you want me to do?" he asked, quietly.

"Lohd, honey!" she answered, in a low tone of affectionate chiding, "I don' wan' you to do *nothin'*! I wuzn' gwine t' 'low dem white folks to buy you. Dey'd wuk you till you dropped dead. You go 'long en do ez you please."

She gave a cunning chuckle of triumph in thus setting at naught the ends of justice, and, in a voice rich and musical with affection, she said, as she gave him a little push:

"You bettah be gittin' out o' dis blazin' sun. G' on home! I be 'long by-en-by."

He turned and moved slowly away in the direction of Water Street, where she lived; and she, taking up her basket, shuffled across the market-place towards Cheapside, muttering to herself the while:

"I come mighty nigh gittin' dah too late, foolin' 'long wid dese pies. Sellin' *him* 'ca'se he don't wuk! Umph! If all de men in dis town dat don' wuk wuz to be tuk up en sole, d' wouldn' be 'nough

money in de town to buy 'em! Don' I see 'em settin' 'roun' dese taverns f'om mohnin' till night?"

She snorted out her indignation and disgust, and, sitting down on the sidewalk under a Lombardy poplar, uncovered her wares and kept the flies away with a locust bough, not discovering, in her alternating good and ill humor, that half of them had been filched by her old tormentors.

This was the memorable scene enacted in Lexington on that memorable day of the year 1833—a day that passed so briskly. For whoever met and spoke together asked the one question: Will the cholera come to Lexington? And the answer always gave a nervous haste to business—a keener thrill to pleasure. It was of the cholera that the negro woman heard two sweet passing ladies speak as she spread her wares on the sidewalk. They were on their way to a little picture gallery just opened opposite M. Giron's ball-room, and in one breath she heard them discussing their toilets for the evening and in the next several portraits by Jouett.

So the day passed, the night came on, and M. Xaupi gave his brilliant ball. Poor old Xaupi—poor little Frenchman! whirled as a gamin of Paris through the mazes of the Revolution, and lately come all the way to Lexington to teach the people how to dance. Hop about blithely on thy dry legs, basking this night in the waxen radiance of manners and melodies and graces! Where will be thy tunes and airs to-morrow? Ay, smile and prompt away! On and on! Swing corners, ladies and gentlemen! Form the basket! Hands all around!

While the bows were still darting across the strings, out of the low, red east there shot a long, tremulous bow of light up towards the zenith. And then, could human sight have beheld the invisible, it might have seen hovering over the town, over the ball-room, over M. Xaupi, the awful presence of the plague.

But, knowing nothing of this, the heated revelers went merrily home in the chill air of the red and saffron dawn. And, knowing nothing of it also, a man awakened on the doorstep of a house

opposite the ball-room, where he had long since fallen asleep. His limbs were cramped, and a shiver ran through his frame. Staggering to his feet, he made his way down to the house of Free Charlotte, mounted to his room by means of a stairway opening on the street, threw off his outer garments, kicked off his shoes, and, taking a bottle from a closet, pressed it several times to his lips with long outward breaths of satisfaction. Then, casting his great white bulk upon the bed, in a minute more he had sunk into a heavy sleep—the usual drunken sleep of old King Solomon.

He, too, had attended M. Xaupi's ball, in his own way and in his proper character, being drawn to the place for the pleasure of seeing the fine ladies arrive and float in, like large white moths of the summer night; of looking in through the open windows at the many-colored waxen lights and the snowy arms and shoulders; of having blown out to him the perfume and the music; not worthy to go in, being the lowest of the low, but attending from a doorstep of the street opposite—with a certain rich passion in his nature for splendor and revelry and sensuous beauty.

II.

About ten o'clock the sunlight entered through the shutters and awoke him. He threw one arm up over his eyes to intercept the burning rays. As he lay outstretched and stripped of grotesque rags, it could be better seen in what a mold nature had cast his figure. His breast, bare and tanned, was barred by full, arching ribs and knotted by crossing muscles; and his shirt-sleeve, falling away to the shoulder from his bent arm, revealed its crowded muscles in the high relief of heroic bronze. For, although he had been sold as a vagrant, old King Solomon had in earlier years followed the trade of a digger of cellars, and the strenuous use of mattock and spade had developed every sinew to the utmost. His whole person, now half naked and in repose, was full of the suggestions of unspent power. Only his face, swollen and red, only his eyes, bloodshot and dull, bore the impress of wasted vitality. There, all too plainly stamped, were the

passions long since raging and still on fire.

The sunlight had stirred him to but a low degree of consciousness, and some minutes passed before he realized that a stifling, resinous fume impregnated the air. He sniffed it quickly; through the window seemed to come the smell of burning tar. He sat up on the edge of the bed and vainly tried to clear his thoughts.

The room was a clean but poor habitation—uncarpeted, whitewashed, with a piece or two of the cheapest furniture, and a row of pegs on one wall, where usually hung those tattered coats and pantaloons, miscellaneous collected, that were his purple and fine linen. He turned his eyes in this direction now and noticed that his clothes were missing. The old shoes had disappeared from their corner; the cigar-stumps, picked up here and there in the streets according to his wont, were gone from the mantelpiece. Near the door was a large bundle tied up in a sheet. In a state of bewilderment, he asked himself what it all meant. Then a sense of the silence in the street below possessed him. At this hour he was used to hearing noises enough—from Hugh Lonney's new bath-house on one side, from Harry Sikes's barber-shop on the other.

A mysterious feeling of terror crept over and helped to sober him. How long had he lain asleep? By degrees he seemed to remember that two or three times he had awakened far enough to drink from the bottle under his pillow, only to sink again into heavier stupefaction. By degrees, too, he seemed to remember that other things had happened—a driving of vehicles this way and that, a hurrying of people along the street. He had thought it the breaking-up of M. Xaupi's ball. More than once had not some one shaken and tried to arouse him? Through the wall of Harry Sikes's barber-shop had he not heard cries of pain—sobs of distress?

He staggered to the window, threw open the shutters, and, kneeling at the sill, looked out. The street was deserted. The houses opposite were closed. Cats were sleeping in the silent doorways. But as he looked up and down he caught

sight of people hurrying along cross-streets. From a distant lumber-yard came the muffled sound of rapid hammerings. On the air was the faint roll of vehicles—the hush and the vague noises of a general terrifying commotion.

In the middle of the street below him a keg was burning, and, as he looked, the hoops gave way, the tar spread out like a stream of black lava, and a cloud of inky smoke and deep-red furious flame burst upward through the sagging air. Just beneath the window a common cart had been backed close up to the door of the house. In it had been thrown a few small articles of furniture, and on the bottom bedclothes had been spread out as if for a pallet. While he looked, old Charlotte hurried out with a pillow.

He called down to her in a strange, unsteady voice:

"What is the matter? What are you doing, Aunt Charlotte?"

She uttered a cry, dropped the pillow, and stared up at him. Her face looked dry and wrinkled.

"My God! De chol'ra's in town! I'm waitin' on you! Dress, en come down en fetch de bun'le by de dooh." And she hurried back into the house.

But he continued leaning on his folded arms, his brain stunned by the shock of the intelligence. Suddenly he leaned far out and looked down at the closed shutters of the barber-shop. Old Charlotte reappeared.

"Where is Harry Sikes?" he asked.

"Dead en buried."

"When did he die?"

"Yestidd'y evenin'."

"What day is this?"

"Sadd'y."

M. Xaupi's ball had been on Thursday evening. That night the cholera had broken out. He had lain in his drunken stupor ever since. Their talk had lasted but a minute, but she looked up anxiously and urged him.

"D' ain' no time to was'e, honey! D' ain' no time to was'e. I done got dis cyart to tek you 'way in, en I be ready to start in a minute. Put yo' clo'es on en bring de bun'le wid all yo' yudder things in it."

With incredible activity she climbed

into the cart and began to roll up the bedclothes. In reality she had made up her mind to put him into the cart, and the pallet had been made for him to lie and finish his drunken sleep on, while she drove him away to a place of safety.

Still he did not move from the window-sill. He was thinking of Harry Sikes, who had shaved him many a time for nothing. Then he suddenly called down to her:

"Have many died of the cholera? Are there many cases in town?"

She went on with her preparations and took no notice of him. He repeated the question. She got down quickly from the cart and began to mount the staircase. He went back to bed, pulled the sheet up over him, and propped himself up among the pillows. Her soft, heavy footsteps slurred on the stairway as though her strength were failing, and as soon as she entered the room she sank into a chair, overcome with terror. He looked at her with a sudden sense of pity.

"Don't be frightened," he said, kindly. "It might only make it the worse for you."

"I can' he'p it, honey," she answered, wringing her hands and rocking herself to and fro; "de ole niggah can' he'p it. If de Lohd jes spah me to git out'n dis town wid you! Honey, ain' you able to put on yo' clo'es?"

"You've tied them all up in the sheet."

"De Lohd he'p de crazy ole niggah!"

She started up and tugged at the bundle, and laid out a suit of his clothes, if things so incongruous could be called a suit.

"Have many people died of the cholera?"

"Dey been dyin' like sheep ev' since yestidd'y mohnin'!—all day, en all las' night, en dis mohnin'! De man he done lock up de huss, an dey been buryin' em in cyarts. En de grave-dig-gah he done run away, en hit look like d' ain nobody to dig de graves."

She bent over the bundle, tying again the four corners of the sheet. Through the window came the sound of the quick hammers driving nails. She threw up her arms into the air, and then, seizing

the bundle, dragged it rapidly to the door.

"You heah dat? Dey nailin' up caw-fins in de lumbah-yahd! Put on yo' clo'es, honey, en come on."

A resolution had suddenly taken shape in his mind.

"Go on away and save your life. Don't wait for me; I'm not going. And good-by, Aunt Charlotte, in case I don't see you any more. You've been very kind to me—kinder than I deserved. Where have you put my mattock and spade?"

He said this very quietly, and sat up on the edge of the bed, his feet hanging down, and his hand stretched out towards her.

"Honey," she explained, coaxingly, from where she stood, "can't you sobah up a little en put on yo' clo'es? I gwine to tek you 'way to de country. You don' wan' no tools. You can' dig no cellahs now. De chol'ra's in town en de people's dyin' like sheep."

"I expect they will need me," he answered.

She perceived now that he was sober. For an instant her own fear was forgotten in an outburst of resentment and indignation.

"Dig graves fuh 'em, when dey put you up on the block en sell you same ez you was a niggah! Dig graves fuh 'em, when dey allers callin' you names on de street en makin' fun o' you!"

"They are not to blame. I have brought it on myself."

"But we can' stay heah en die o' de chol'ra!"

"You musn't stay. You must go away at once."

"But if I go, who gwine tek cyah o' you?"

"Nobody."

She came quickly across the room to the bed, fell on her knees, clasped his feet to her breast, and looked up into his face with an expression of imploring tenderness. Then, with incoherent cries and with sobs and tears, she pleaded with him—pleaded for dear life; his and her own.

It was a strange scene. What historian of the heart will ever be able to do justice to those peculiar ties which

bound the heart of the negro in years gone by to a race of not always worthy masters? This old Virginia nurse had known King Solomon when he was a boy playing with her young master, till that young master died on the way to Kentucky.

At the death of her mistress she had become free with a little property. By thrift and industry she had greatly enlarged this. Years passed, and she became the only surviving member of the Virginian household, which had emigrated early in the century to the Blue-grass Region. The same wave of emigration had brought in old King Solomon from the same neighborhood. As she had risen in life, he had sunk. She sat on the sidewalks selling her fruits and cakes; he sat on the sidewalks more idle, more ragged and dissolute. On no other basis than these facts she began to assume a sort of maternal pitying care of him, patching his rags, letting him have money for his vices, and when, a year or two before, he had ceased working almost entirely, giving him a room in her house and taking in payment what he chose to pay.

He brushed his hand quickly across his eyes as she knelt before him now, clasping his feet to her bosom. From coaxing him as an intractable child she had, in the old servile fashion, fallen to imploring him, with touching forgetfulness of their real relations:

"O my marseter! O my marseter Solomon! Go 'way en save yo' life, en tek yo' po' ole niggah wid you!"

But his resolution was formed, and he refused to go. A hurried footstep paused beneath the window and a loud voice called up. The old nurse got up and went to the window. A man was standing by the cart at her door.

"For God's sake let me have this cart to take my wife and little children away to the country! There is not a vehicle to be had in town. I will pay you—" He stopped, seeing the distress on her face.

"Is he dead?" he asked, for he knew of her care of old King Solomon.

"He *will* die!" she sobbed. "Tilt de t'ings out on de pavement. I gwine t' stay wid 'im en tek cyah o' 'im."

III.

A little later, dressed once more in grotesque rags and carrying on his shoulder a rusty mattock and a rusty spade, old King Solomon appeared in the street below and stood looking up and down it with an air of anxious indecision. Then shuffling along rapidly to the corner of Mill Street, he turned up towards Main.

Here a full sense of the terror came to him. A man, hurrying along with his head down, ran full against him and cursed him for the delay.

"Get out of my way, you old beast!" he cried. "If the cholera would carry you off, it would be a blessing to the town."

Two or three little children, already orphaned and hungry, wandered past, crying and wringing their hands. A crowd of negro men with the muscles of athletes, some with naked arms, some naked to the waist, their eyes dilated, their mouths hanging open, sped along in tumultuous disorder. The plague had broken out in the hemp factory and scattered them beyond control.

He grew suddenly faint and sick. His senses swam, his heart seemed to cease beating, his tongue burned, his throat was dry, his spine like ice. For a moment the contagion of deadly fear overcame him, and, unable to stand, he reeled to the edge of the sidewalk and sat down.

Before him along the street passed the flying people—men on horseback with their wives behind and children in front, families in carts and wagons, merchants in two-wheeled gigs and sulkeys. A huge red and yellow stage-coach rolled ponderously by, filled within, on top, in front, and behind with a company of riotous students of law and of medicine. A rapid chorus of voices shouted to him as they passed:

"Good-by, Solomon!"

"The cholera 'll have you befoah sunset!"

"Better be diggin' yoah grave, Solomon! That'll be yoah last cellah."

"Dig us a big wine cellah undah the Medical Hall while we are away."

"And leave yo' body there! We want yo' skeleton."

"Good-by, old Solomon!"

A wretched carryall passed with a household of more wretched women, their tawdry and gay attire, their haggard and painted and ghastly faces, looking horrible in the blaze of the pitiless sunlight. They, too, simpered and hailed him and spent upon him their hardened and degraded badinage. Then there rolled by a high-swung carriage, with the most luxurious of cushions, upholstered with morocco, with a coat-of-arms, a driver and a footman in livery, and drawn by sparkling, prancing horses. Lying back on the satin cushions a fine gentleman; at the window of the carriage two rosy children, who pointed their fingers at the vagrant and turned and looked into their father's face, so that he leaned forward, smiled, leaned back again, and was whirled away to a place of safety.

Thus they passed him, as he sat down on the sidewalk—even physicians from their patients, pastors from their stricken flocks. Why should not he flee? He had no ties, except the faithful affection of an old negress. Should he not at least save her life by going away, seeing that she would not leave him?

The orphaned children wandered past again, sobbing more wearily. He called them to him.

"Why do you not go home? Where is your mother?" he asked.

"She is dead in the house," they answered; "and no one has come to bury her."

Slowly down the street was coming a short funeral train. It passed—a rude cortège: a common cart, in the bottom of which rested a box of plain boards containing the body of the old French dancing-master; walking behind it, with a cambric handkerchief to his eyes, the old French confectioner; at his side, wearing the robes of his office and carrying an umbrella to ward off the burning sun, the beloved Bishop Smith; and behind them, two by two and with linked arms, perhaps a dozen men, most of whom had been at the ball.

No head was lifted or eye turned to notice the vagrant seated on the sidewalk. But when the train had passed he rose, laid his mattock and spade

across his shoulder, and, stepping out into the street, fell into line at the end of the procession.

They moved down Short Street to the old burying-ground, where the Baptist churchyard is to-day. As they entered it, two grave-diggers passed out and hurried away. Those before them had fled. They had been at work but a few hours. Overcome with horror at the sight of the dead arriving more and more rapidly, they, too, deserted that post of peril. No one was left. Here and there in the churchyard could be seen bodies awaiting interment. Old King Solomon stepped quietly forward and, getting down into one of the half-finished graves, began to dig.

The vagrant had happened upon an avocation.

IV.

Allsummer long, Clatterbuck's dancing-pavilion was as silent in its grove of oaks as a temple of the Druids, and his pleasure-boat nestled in its moorings, with no hand to feather an oar in the little lake. All summer long, no athletic young Kentuckians came to bathe their white bodies in Hugh Lonney's new bath-house for twelve and a half cents, and no one read Daukins Tegway's advertisement that he was willing to exchange his Dunstable bonnets for flax and feathers. The likely runaway boy, with a long fresh scar across his face, was never found, nor the buffalo bull roasted for Daniel Webster, and Peter Leuba's guitars were never thrummed on any moonlit verandas. Only Dewees & Grant were busy, dispensing, not snuff, but calomel.

Grass grew in the deserted streets. Gardens became little wildernesses of rank weeds and riotous creepers. Around shut window-lattices roses clambered and shed their perfume into the poisoned air, or dropped their faded petals to strew the echoless thresholds. In darkened rooms family portraits gazed on sad vacancy or looked helplessly down on rigid sheeted forms.

In the trees of poplar and locust along the streets the unmolested birds built and brooded. The oriole swung its hempen nest from a bough over the door of the spider-tenanted factory, and in

front of the old Medical Hall the blue jay shot up his angry crest and screamed harshly down at the passing bier. In a cage hung against the wall of a house in a retired street a mocking-bird sung, beat its breast against the bars, sung more passionately, grew silent, and dropped dead from its perch, never knowing that its mistress had long since become a clod to its full-throated requiem.

Famine lurked in the wake of the pestilence. Markets were closed. A few shops were kept open to furnish necessary supplies. Now and then some old negro might have been seen driving a meat-wagon in from the country, his nostrils stuffed with white cotton saturated with camphor. Oftener the only visible figure in the streets was that of a faithful priest going about among his perishing fold, or that of the bishop moving hither and thither on his ceaseless ministrations.

But over all the ravages of that terrible time there towered highest the solitary figure of that powerful grave-digger, who, nerved by the spectacle of the common misfortune, by one heroic effort rose for the time above the wrecks of his own nature. In the thick of the plague, in the very garden spot of the pestilence, he ruled like an unterrified king. Through days unnaturally chill with gray cloud and drizzling rain, or unnaturally hot with the fierce sun and suffocating damps that appeared to steam forth from subterranean caldrons, he worked unflinching, sometimes with a helper, sometimes with none. There were times when, exhausted, he would lie down in the half-dug graves and there sleep until able to go on; and many a midnight found him under the spectral moon, all but hidden by the rank nightshade as he bent over to mark out the lines of one of those narrow mortal cellars.

V.

Nature soon smiles upon her own ravages and strews our graves with flowers, not as memories, but for other flowers when the spring returns.

It was one cool, brilliant morning late in that autumn. The air blew fresh and invigorating, as though on the earth there were no corruption, no death. Far south-

ward had flown the plague. A spectator in the open court-square might have seen many signs of life returning to the town. Students hurried along, talking eagerly. Merchants met for the first time and spoke of the winter trade. An old negress, gayly and neatly dressed, came into the market-place, and, sitting down on a sidewalk, displayed her yellow and red apples and fragrant gingerbread. She hummed to herself an old cradle-song, and in her soft, motherly black eyes shone a mild, happy radiance. A group of young ragamuffins eyed her longingly from a distance. Court was to open for the first time since the spring. The hour was early, and one by one the lawyers passed slowly in. On the steps of the court-house three men were standing: Thomas Brown, the sheriff; old Peter Leuba, who had just walked over from his music-store on Main Street; and little M. Giron, the French confectioner. Each wore mourning on his hat, and their voices were low and grave.

"Gentlemen," the sheriff was saying, "it was on this very spot the day befoah the cholera broke out that I sole 'im as a vagrant. An' I did the meanes' thing a man can evah do. I hel' 'im up to public ridicule foh his weaknesses an' made spoht of 'is infirmities. I laughed at 'is povahty an' 'is ole clo'es. I delivahed on 'im as complete an oration of sarcastic detraction as I could prepare on the spot, out of my own meanness an' with the vulgah sympathies of the crowd. Gentlemen, if I only had that crowd heah now, an' ole King Sol'mon standin' in the midst of it, that I might ask 'im to accept a humble public apology, offahed from the heah of one who feels himself unworthy to shake 'is han'! But, gentlemen, that crowd will nevah reassemble. Neahly ev'ry man of them is dead, an' ole King Sol'mon buried them."

"He buried my friend Adolphe Xaupi," said François Giron, touching his eyes with his handkerchief.

"There is a case of my best Jamaica rum for him whenever he comes for it," said old Leuba, clearing his throat.

"But, gentlemen, while we are speakin' of ole King Solomon we ought not to fohget who it is that has supported 'im.

Yondah she sits on the sidewalk, sellin' 'er apples and gingerbread."

The three men looked in the direction indicated.

"Heah comes ole King Sol'mon now," exclaimed the sheriff.

Across the open square the vagrant was seen walking slowly along with his habitual air of quiet, unobtrusive preoccupation. A minute more and he had come over and passed into the courthouse by a side door.

"Is Mr. Clay to be in court to-day?"

"He is expected, I think."

"Then let's go in; there will be a crowd."

"I don't know; so many are dead."

They turned and entered and found seats as quietly as possible; for a strange and sorrowful hush brooded over the court-room. Until the bar assembled, it had not been realized how many were gone. The silence was that of a common overwhelming disaster. No one spoke with his neighbor, no one observed the vagrant as he entered and made his way to a seat on one of the meanest benches, a little apart from the others. He had not sat there since the day of his indictment for vagrancy. The judge took his seat and, making a great effort to control himself, passed his eyes slowly over the court-room. All at once he caught sight of old King Solomon sitting against the wall in an obscure corner; and before any one could know what he was doing, he

hurried down and walked up to the vagrant and grasped his hand. He tried to speak, but could not. Old King Solomon had buried his wife and daughter—buried them one clouded midnight, with no one present but himself.

Then the oldest member of the bar started up and followed the example; and then the other members, rising by a common impulse, filed slowly back and one by one wrung that hard and powerful hand. After them came the other persons in the court-room. The vagrant, the grave-digger, had risen and stood against the wall, at first with a white face and a dazed expression, not knowing what it meant; afterwards, when he understood it, his head dropped suddenly forward and his tears fell thick and hot upon the hands that he could not see. And his were not the only tears. Not a man in the long file but paid his tribute of emotion as he stepped forward to honor that image of sadly eclipsed but still effulgent humanity. It was not grief, it was not gratitude, nor any sense of making reparation for the past. It was the softening influence of an act of heroism, which makes every man feel himself a brother hand in hand with every other—such power has a single act of moral greatness to reverse the relations of men, lifting up one, and bringing all others to do him homage.

It was the coronation scene in the life of old King Solomon of Kentucky.

BLAME

A MEMORY OF EISLEBEN, THE PLACE OF LUTHER'S BIRTH AND DEATH

BY R. W. GILDER

In a far, lonely land at last I came
 Unto a town made great by one great fame.
 Born here, here died the noblest of his time,
 Whose memory makes his century sublime.
 But, O my God, I was not happy there,
 For down below in dark and caverned air,
 Outstretched and cramped, the pallid miners lay,
 Their shortened lives, their absence from the day,
 Burdened my spirit with a sense of blame.
 Now you, and you—I see you flush with shame.

Comment on Current Books

Among the Novels Few novels of late publication have more of dignity of purpose than "The Far Horizon," by Lucas Malet (Mrs. St. Leger Harrison). One notes first that it has the negative merit of being entirely devoid of any passages of questionable taste such as marred this author's "Sir Richard Calmady," or of morbid occultism such as may be found in her earlier work. Affirmatively speaking, its highest merit is in the distinction and quiet nobility of its chief figure, Dominic Iglesias. He is of Spanish descent but has lived his whole life in England, and that life has been spent, on the personal side, in devotion and sacrifice for his mother, on the business side as a capable, modest, unappreciated clerk in a great banking house. In later middle age, turned away from his daily work by his ignorantly condescending employer, he faces the problem of making a social place for himself and of occupying his idle hours. He finds himself among commonplace, narrow people. Mrs. Harrison proves all too abundantly that they are bores, and spares not the reader in doing so. But into his life comes by chance his very antipodes in temperament, a woman who has been sinned against and has sinned; who is generous, lively, and witty; who is as undignified as our Spanish friend is sober. One cannot say that this sprightly person is as well drawn as Iglesias, but the contrast is essentially a capital one. How the friendship works itself out, how the quiet man who has been facing the problem of old age and unhappiness deals with that of passion and self-restraint, must not be told here. The book has an undercurrent of religious intention (Mrs. Harrison, report says, is a recent convert to Roman Catholicism), but it is in the main to be looked at as a study of one finely conceived character, and as incidentally a gently pleasing picture of London suburban atmosphere and locale. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$1.50.)

Mrs. Henry de la Pasture gained the affection of many readers two years ago by her "Peter's Mother." A second novel, "The Man from America," was hardly so pleasing—ineffective but inoffensive. Now in "The Lovely Lady of Grosvenor Square" she renews the charm of the first book. Of plot there is little, and that quite artless; the construction is, technically speaking, clumsy enough; but in a simple, gentle, ingratiating way we are shown a true-hearted and sweet country girl thrown alone, or practically so, into a big London house, and acting like a

womanly, sincere sort of person in all her perplexities and troubles. Like most of Trollope's heroines, she is rewarded in the end with a nobleman and a fortune, but she deserves them. The book would be nothing if it were not for its genuine humor, which is none the less welcome because it is not boisterous. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1.50.) Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick's "The Kinsman," on the other hand, is rather rampant in its fun, but is in that way decidedly amusing. Like Mr. Thurston's "The Masqueraders," it turns on the exact resemblance of two men, and strains credulity a bit. But once granted, the adventures of the two cousins (one a lazy and morally irresponsible clerk, the other a cultivated gentleman) are ingeniously worked out with odd surprises and with constantly new situations. (The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.)

Mr. David Graham Phillips's "The Second Generation," as its name foreshadows, is a study of the curse of inherited wealth. Old Hiram, the miller who cares for his children so much that he will not spoil them by making them rich, but dies paralyzed in agony (as we understand the narrative) because his instinctive love makes him wish to reverse his action, is a fine character, worthy of any book. His children, however, as soon as they begin to learn their lesson, are a bit priggish, and the whole book, although sober-minded and excellent in many ways, is too long-drawn-out and somewhat stolid. (D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.) It is far more artistic, however, than the next story the reviewer picks up—"Frost and Friendship," by George Frederic Turner, a queer combination of the "Prisoner of Zenda" type of tale with political conspiracy in an imaginary European country and of a record of winter sports, such as curling, tobogganing, and ski-ing. There are exciting incidents, but improbabilities end by becoming absurdities. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.) Disappointing in another way is Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd's "Bettina." We remember with joy Miss Brainerd's Nancy and her sprightly misdemeanors, but her Bettina is but a shadow, and the story too slight to make into a book. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.)

There is an effect of carefully wrought, delicate embroidery about the new novel by Mrs. Freeman (Mary E. Wilkins), called "By the Light of the Soul" (Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.50). The characters stand out clearly against a background of

marvelously minute, analytic detail. Tiny stitches are set in graceful patterns, repeated again and again to make the smooth, perfect effect. Maria Edgham, born with tremendous emotional possibilities and a highly spiritualized love of beauty, was caught in a cobweb of slight yet sufficient strength to fetter her whole life. The plot of the story, while it seems to develop naturally—until the morbid ending—is not one that carries with it convincing power. Yet it is certainly novel, and admirably managed. Apart from that, the exquisite skill, the art that deceives by its very simplicity, which we associate with all Mrs. Freeman's work, is as evident in this story of plain folk as in all other tales by the same author. She is able to impress us with the absolute necessity of life being lived as she portrays it.

American Problems In this volume of addresses—ethical, sociological, educational—by the President of Colorado College, the main emphasis is laid on moral ideals, and on moral culture as “the cornerstone of all culture.” The outlook is hopeful, the tone animating, the responsibility of the individual for social progress is strongly pressed. That the Golden Rule, truly understood, “is the chief unwritten law of the Nation; if not always applied in the first and second person, abstractly it is the universally acknowledged social principle,” one would like to believe. But it is not—as the writer's context takes it to be—a rule of mere justice, for equal rights and “a square deal.” It is the rule of benevolence, taking the lead of others in doing good; it enjoins competition in giving benefits rather than in getting; and bids one set the example of it to others. This is as yet neither the common practice nor the common theory. (*American Problems: Essays and Addresses.* By James H. Baker, M.A., LL.D. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$1.20, net.)

The Art of Living This little book of a hundred pages might be described as a silhouette portrait of Jesus Christ. It is intended as an aid to Bible students, and as such is valuable. It would have an independent value to readers if the latter half were worked out with the same artistic unity as the first half. The book is non-theological, human, full of Christ's spirit, and not archaic but fresh in its mode of treatment. (*The Art of Living.* By Glenn Clark. Published by the Author, Des Moines, Iowa.)

Certain Court Ladies To his “Youth of La Grande Mademoiselle” and his “Louis XIV. and La Grande Mademoiselle” M. Arvède Barine now adds

a volume on certain “Princesses and Court Ladies,” among them Marie Mancini, Christina of Sweden, the Duchess of Maine, and the Margravine of Baireuth. As in the previous volumes, the text is vivacious and sprightly, and is heightened by many interesting pictures. (*Princesses and Court Ladies.* By Arvède Barine. Authorized English Version. G. P. Putman's Sons, New York. \$3, net.)

Evelyn's Diary The appearance of two new and very handsome editions of “Evelyn's Diary,” with only a brief interval of time between their publication, is good evidence of the interest in the human story as it is told in biography and autobiography, which has brought forth such a great number of “Lives” of people of quality, individuality, and distinction during the past few years. Among various editions of Evelyn none surpasses in convenience, editorial thoroughness, and beauty of form this edition, in three volumes, presented with a combination of simplicity and elegance that mark only the best book-making. Paper, type, size of page, are all that could be desired; the portraits in photogravure and the various illustrations in half-tone are well selected and extremely well printed; and the books are meant not only for ornament but for use. Mr. Dobson's qualifications as the editor of this edition need no exposition. He is perfectly familiar with the period in which Evelyn lived, and with the whole body of literature and social and political custom and habit to which he was related. He furnishes a long introduction which presents all known facts in regard to the diarist's career. One may not agree with him when he says that the Diary is not “a psychological document, making intimate revelation, conscious or unconscious, of its writer's personality.” A great many readers will feel that the very simple personality of Evelyn is clearly conveyed by his reports of the happenings and doings with which he was associated or in which he was interested. That he was less individual and piquant than Pepys goes without saying; but the fact that he tells us so little as compared with Pepys does not mean necessarily that he was more restrained or reticent; it may mean that he had less to say. There are passages which unpleasantly bring out the thinness of the man's nature and the vein of selfishness that ran through his intellectual life. On the other hand, he deals with many subjects with a gravity, a sincerity, and a depth of feeling which convey an impression of a strong and deep nature. However this may be, the position of the Diary in English literature and among books of its class was long ago settled. It is

one of the classics of autobiography. And these three beautiful volumes fitly dress a work which must find its place on the shelves of any collection of English writing that makes pretense to completeness. (The Diary of John Evelyn. With an Introduction and Notes by Austin Dobson. 3 vols. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$8 per set.)

Ideal Buddhism
Expounded

As there are Christians and Christians, so there are Buddhists and Buddhists. The Sicilian brigand, who worships the Virgin with offerings of his spoils, and the missionary who Christianizes cannibal islands, are poles apart. So is this "Lord Abbot" of Japanese Buddhists from the Buddhism of the populace often met with in the East. He himself insists on the difference between a higher and a lower type of Buddhism. The higher, as expounded in these addresses to American audiences, has remarkable affinities with the sublime mysticism of the Fourth Gospel. Higher Buddhism claims as its own the God-consciousness expressed in Jesus' saying, "I am in the Father, and the Father in me." Its moral precepts may be summed up in Christian terms. Of course the test of superiority in any comparison of religions is in their efficiency for the purification and uplifting of personal and social life; and here Christianity is content to rest its case as against Buddhism. The essential defect of the Buddhism exhibited so attractively in this volume is its overemphasis upon a subtle intellectuality, and, with that, its undervaluation of the volitional element, the will, as compared with the reason. Its denial of immortality, its assertion that there is no permanent unity of consciousness capable of surviving death, proceeds from a defective psychology which has adherents among us, but is repudiated by masters in that science. (Sermons of a Buddhist Abbot. By the Rt. Rev. Soyen Shaku. Translated from the Japanese by Daisetz Teitaro Suzuki. The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago.)

Jowett's
Essays

Named in the title of the volume, the first in this collection is of historical importance as well as of intrinsic value. When it appeared in 1860 in the famous volume of "Essays and Reviews" by seven English scholars, its dictum, "Interpret the Scripture like any other book," excited great indignation throughout the Anglican Church, which for the time that volume plunged into bitter controversy. The present essays are nearly all on Biblical and theological topics. The essay on "Casuistry," the branch of ethics which is concerned with conflicting duties, strangely recognizes

only the perverted form in which Jesuits have gained for it the bad name that Jowett gives it. Not so did his great countryman, Richard Baxter, regard it in his work on cases of conscience. These essays reveal the keenness and force as well as the limitations of the great Master of Balliol, a character sketch of whom by Sir Leslie Stephen appropriately introduces them. (The Interpretation of Scripture and Other Essays. By Benjamin Jowett. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1, net.)

Lutheran
Theology

These volumes, left all but finished by the author at his death, present the system of theology as taught in the Lutheran churches, in whose Seminary at Gettysburg he was for many years Professor of Systematic Theology. They are, as one would expect, strongly marked by the close adherence to the confessional orthodoxy of the sixteenth century which characterizes American Lutherans. It appears that belief in the salvation of all infants dying in infancy is gaining ground among them, and Dr. Valentine argues for it, while acknowledging that "the majority of our Lutheran dogmaticians" have their doubts as to the unbaptized infants of non-Christians. These volumes give, even for those who dissent from their teaching, an interesting presentation of the most that can be said for views of the relation of God to the world with which modern science and philosophy have decisively broken. The point of divergence appears to be at the sources of theology. If these are found only in the Old and the New Testament, the theology of the sixteenth century is, as theology, secure, whatever science and philosophy may say against it. But it is from outside the Bible that modern learning brings to the interpretation of the Bible resources not available in Luther's time. The physical sciences, the science of mind, or psychology, historical criticism, comparative religion, all are sources of theology, all contribute to the revelation of God as in his world. Dr. Valentine correctly holds that it is the office of reason "to judge and decide upon the claims of a given revelation to be of divine origin and authority." The veriest "rationalist" would agree to this. But the view that "the claims" thus submitted to reason are contained only in ancient parchments as anciently understood, without revision by comparison with other and later revelations of fact and truth, leads to the most untenable conclusions. Theological systems of the traditional type are vitiated throughout by their initial fallacy of thus arbitrarily limiting theological material and the credentials of its sufficiency for reason. (Christian Theology. By Milton Valentine,

D.D., LL.D. In 2 vols. Lutheran Publication Society, Philadelphia. \$5.)

Mosby's Men This is the second, possibly the third, book recently published telling through the narrative of a Confederate soldier who served in Mosby's irregular cavalry, popularly known as guerrillas, the extremely romantic and stirring adventures of that command. A better subject for furnishing exciting incident and war-time anecdote could hardly be imagined. This book has less of real dramatic quality and less of humor than that by Mr. Munson of which we recently spoke, but is still a readable true story. It is illustrated by many portraits. (Mosby's Men. By John H. Alexander. The Neale Publishing Company, New York. \$2.)

Naturalism and Religion It is proper to protest against the identification of a false conception with the name of Nature that the term "Naturalism" has effected. The falsity of reducing Nature to a series of material things and changes has been so thoroughly exposed by writers adept both in science and philosophy that it is now nearing the level of a vulgar error. Such errors linger in the popular mind after they have been dislodged from philosophic thought. The present volume by a Göttingen professor gives in a compact form to the general reader the main points in the great controversy that now seems to have been fought almost through. The gist of the argument in more elaborate works, such as Dr. James Ward's lectures on "Naturalism and Agnosticism," some ten years ago, is presented here in eleven chapters by a discriminating thinker, as hostile to exaggerated assertions in a religious as in a scientific interest. He points out that it is not in the proper domain of science, but "in the teacup of logic and epistemology that the storm in regard to the theories of the universe has arisen." And he acutely concludes that the theory of naturalism, that there is no such thing as free creative mind, is refuted by its own existence as the actual progeny of such a mind. (Naturalism and Religion. By Dr. Rudolf Otto. Translated by J. Arthur Thomson and Margaret R. Thomson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.50.)

Queen and Cardinal This is the story of the life of Anne of Austria, chiefly dealing with the events of that life during the period when she was Queen Regent. Naturally, it is largely concerned with the relations between the Queen Mother and Cardinal Mazarin. The question as to

whether a private ceremony of marriage ever took place has never been authoritatively settled, although the opinion of most students of that period is that there actually was such a marriage. No real light is thrown on the question by this book, which is in its nature rather a popular narrative than a historical search into new material. Marriage or no marriage, the author records his belief that "into Anne's sad and lonely existence a great romance entered at a time when her youth and beauty had waned and she had already attained middle age, and it lasted until the end of her days." Letters and memoirs quoted seem to establish this fact, although it will surprise those readers, not inconsiderable in number, who derive most of their ideas about the period from Dumas's novels. Altogether the book is readable, though it is not important, and might well have been published in less pretentious guise. (Queen and Cardinal: A Memoir of Anne of Austria. By Mrs. Colquhoun Grant. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2, net.)

Shakespeare and the Modern Stage A collection of essays dealing with such subjects as "Shakespeare and the Elizabethan Playgoers," "Shakespeare in Oral Tradition," "Pepys and Shakespeare," "Aspects of Shakespeare's Philosophy," "Shakespeare in France," and similar, though not always related, topics from the hand of one of the first living authorities on Shakespearean text. These essays may be regarded as a by-product of Mr. Lee's indefatigable industry in Shakespearean investigation and research; an incidental gleaning in a field which he has already thoroughly harvested. "The Commemoration of Shakespeare in London," "The Municipal Theater," "Shakespeare and the Modern Stage," and "Mr. Benson and Shakespeare," show that Mr. Lee has an open mind, and that his ample scholarship is used in a modern spirit. He is not blind to the defects of the dramatists of whom Shakespeare was the leader; nor, as a critic, is he hedged about by undue reverence for their ways of doing things, their point of view, and their method of stage management. One of his strongest claims to attention is the fact that he has rigorously held the speculative impulse in check, and has brought to the study of the dramatist, not only as much knowledge as any man of his time, but robust common sense. He is also, it may be added, a very interesting writer. (Shakespeare and the Modern Stage, with Other Essays. By Sidney Lee. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2, net.)